

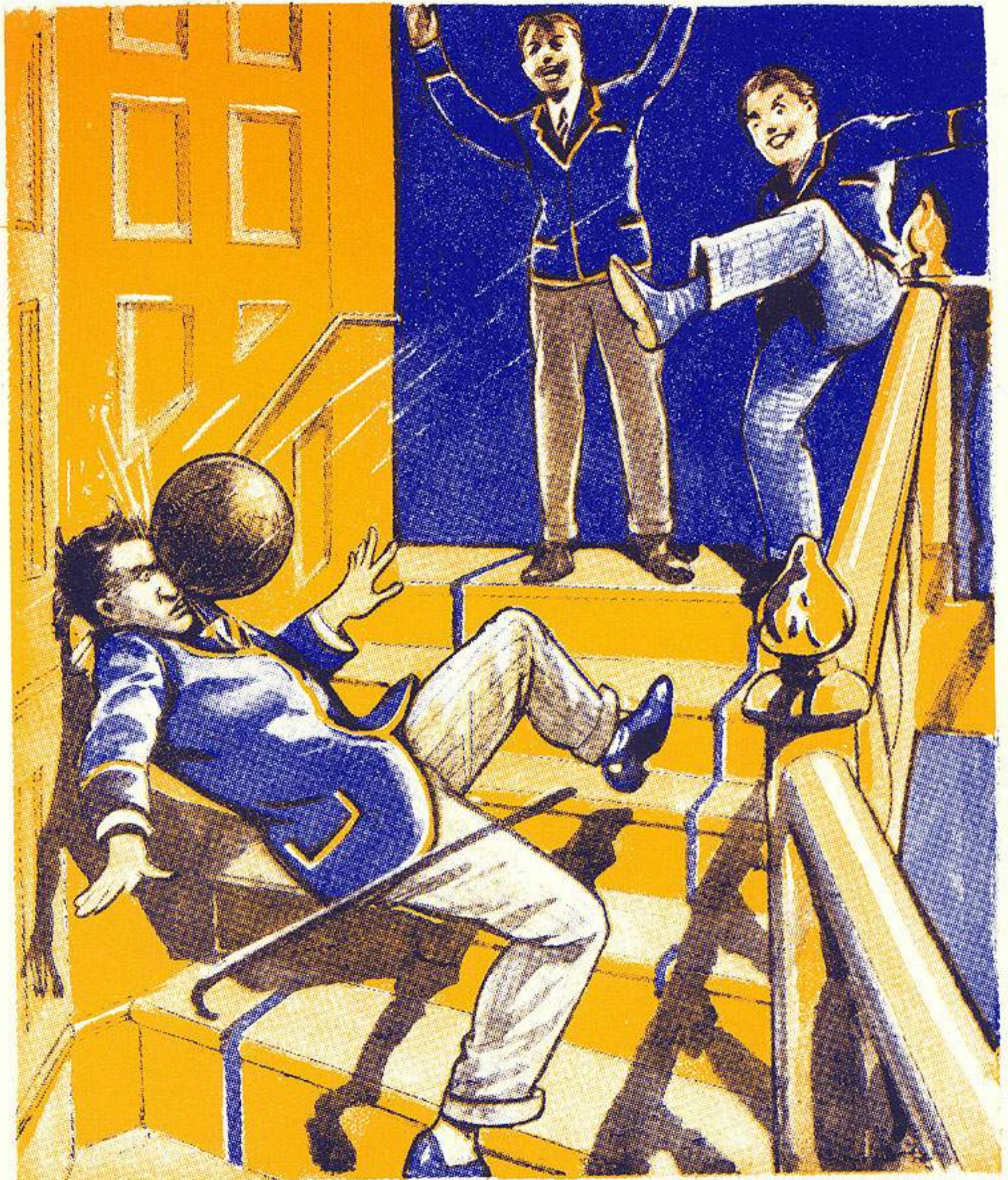


ANNUALS, POCKET KNIVES & WALLETS

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# The MAGNET 2<sup>D</sup>



# TATTERS' OF THE REMOVE!



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Getting Goals!

**K**ICK!" called out Bob Cherry. Whiz!

"Whoooooop!"

It was really unfortunate that Billy Bunter put his head out of the doorway of Study No. 7 at that moment.

Of course, Bunter did not suppose that a football would be whizzing along the Remove passage.

Had Bunter supposed that, no doubt he would have kept his bullet head safe inside Study No. 7.

Not supposing it for a moment, Bunter put his head out.

The next moment a fearful yell awoke every echo in the Remove studies, and startled the fellows at their prep.

It was really Bunter's own fault in a way. Bunter ought to have been at prep. All the Remove ought to have been at prep. Most of them were. But Bob Cherry was sparing a few minutes from prep to give Cholmondeley, the new fellow in the Remove, some football instruction.

Cholmondeley — otherwise Tatters — knew hardly anything about soccer. He was willing to learn; and Bob was willing to teach. Certainly, the Remove passage was scarcely a proper place for football practice; neither was prep the proper time for it. Still, Bob considered that a few minutes might be profitably spent in giving Tatters a tip or two.

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Bob and Tatters were on the landing, at one end of the passage. The box-room door at the other end was the goal. Bob placed the ball, and told Tatters to kick; and Tatters kicked.

Had Bunter been industriously slogging at prep, as he ought to have been, nothing would have happened to Bunter. But Bunter never was keen on prep, or work of any kind. He was, however, very keen indeed on knowing everything that was going on. Instead of digging into Virgil, therefore, William George Bunter put his head out of his study to see what the fellows were up to in the passage.

He learned what they were up to at once, quite suddenly. He was not left in any doubt. He was just in time to stop the whizzing footer with his head.

Whether Tatters would have got the goal on the box-room door, would never now be known. He got a goal on Bunter's right ear.

The footer dropped to the floor. So did Bunter.

"Whooop! Yaroooooh! Wow! Yooooop!" roared Bunter.

"Oh, my 'at!" ejaculated Tatters.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "What are you butting in for, Bunter, you ass?"

"Yaroooooh! Ow! I'm hurt! I'm stunned!" yelled Bunter. "I'm killed! I-mean, nearly killed! Help!"

"You fat chump!"

"Ow! Wow! Help! Fire!" roared Bunter. "Ow! I'm stunned! I say, you fellows, help!"

A dozen fellows looked out of the

Remove studies. Billy Bunter sat clasp- ing his head with both hands, roaring. Tatters picked up the ball.

"Sorry!" he gasped. "What did you put your 'ead in the way for?"

"Ow! Beast! Wow! Yow!"

"What on earth's the row?" ex- claimed Harry Wharton, from the door- way of Study No. 1.

"Only Bunter stopped a footer with his napper," answered Bob. "I don't know why. Why did you do it, Bunter?"

"Ow! Beast! Wow!"

"For goodness' sake stop that row, old fat man! You'll have a prefect up here!" called out Frank Nugent.

"Whoooooop!" roared Bunter, on his top note. Perhaps Bunter did not object to a prefect coming up and dealing with the beasts who were play- ing football in the Remove passage. Passage football was strictly forbidden at Greyfriars; though like other for- bidden things, it sometimes happened. "Six" from an ashplant was likely to reward the footballers if a prefect came on the scene.

"Shut up, you ass!" shouted Johnny Bull, from Study No. 14.

"Yaroooooh!"

"My esteemed Bunter," called out Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, "the golden silence is the cracked pitcher which goes longer to the well than a bird in the bush."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yooooop! Whooop! Yaroooooh!" Bunter was going strong.

"Cheese it!" roared Bob. "You're not hurt, fathead!"

"Ow! My napper's broken! Ow! I'm stunned! Wow! Brained! Yow!"

"Gammon!" said Peter Todd. "How could you be brained, fathead? You haven't the stuff!"

"Beast! Wow! Yaroooooop!"

"Will you dry up?" shrieked Bob Cherry. "You'll have Carne of the Sixth up here, you fat villain!"

"Whoooooo!"

Carne of the Sixth was the prefect who was on duty during lock-up that evening. Carne was rather a bully, and much given to the use of the ashplant. Nobody in the Remove wanted to give Carne an excuse for butting into the Remove passage.

Still, Carne was not a very dutiful prefect. It was quite probable that he had retired to some quiet spot to smoke a cigarette with Loder or Walker, instead of keeping a dutiful eye open during lock-up. In the circumstances, it was to be hoped that he had. Trouble was probable, if he was within the range of Bunter's frantic yelling.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter.

Bunter, at least, hoped that Carne was within hearing.

"Will you dry up?" raved Bob Cherry.

"Whoooooooop!"

Peter Todd stepped out of Study No. 7, grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and hooked him into the study.

"Leggo, you beast!" roared Bunter.

"Now shut up!" hooted Peter.

"Shan't! Yaroooh! I'm hurt! Whoooooooop!"

"Where did I put that fives bat?" said Peter, looking round the study.

Billy Bunter shut up quite suddenly. Blessed silence fell on the Remove passage before Peter could find the fives bat.

"That's better," said Bob.

"We're wasting time.

You've got to take that kick before we get on to prep. Thank goodness Carne's at a safe distance. Now, here you are, Tatters."

There was a general retreat into the studies on the part of the Remove men who had been drawn out by Bunter's uproar. Nobody else wanted to stop a football with his head.

Bob placed the ball.

"The landing's the goal this time," he said. "Kick it back along the passage. See if you can drop it on the stairs."

"Right-ho!" said Tatters cheerfully.

Bob stepped aside, and Tatters took a little run, and kicked the ball again. It rose from his foot and whizzed.

"Good!" exclaimed Bob, watching its rapid flight with an approving eye.

It was a good kick, and a true kick. The football sailed along the Remove passage in an unerring line for the landing and the stairs. Obviously it was going to drop fair and square on the Remove staircase. It was a goal this time.

It dropped! Just as it dropped, a head and shoulders rose into view on the staircase.

"Oh!" gasped Bob.

"Ooooooh!" stuttered Tatters.

The prefect on duty had, after all, heard the uproar from the Remove quarters. It was the face of Carne of the Sixth that rose into view on the staircase. He was coming up with rapid steps, with a frowning brow, and his ashplant under his arm. The two juniors watched in horror. There was no stopping a ball in full flight; there was no time to shout a warning even—no time for Carne to heed the warning

if shouted. It was a matter of a fraction of a second.

Crash!

Only a fraction of a second after Carne's face dawned on the horrified juniors, the football dawned on Carne.

It landed on his nose with a crash.

Carne went backwards.

There was a muffled howl and a sound of bumping on the Remove staircase as Carne of the Sixth disappeared. Carne had come up the stairs quickly. He went down much more quickly. Carne and the football reached the next landing together, and the sounds that came from Carne of the Sixth were positively blood-curdling.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Handling a Bully I

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Oh, my 'at!" gurgled Tatters.

"Hook it!" breathed Bob.

Carne, sprawled on the lower landing, was yelling with fury. A good-tempered fellow might have been annoyed by what had happened. Carne was not a good-tempered fellow by any means. He was hurt; and he was furious. Pain and rage were expressed in Carne's eloquent voice; but the rage predominated.

There was a chance, at least, that the prefect had not seen who had expedited

## THE METAMORPHOSIS!

**Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley, heir to a baronetcy and a considerable fortune.**

**Yet a few weeks back he was just "Tatters"—a penniless unknown waif without a friend in the world.**

that hapless footer. If so, it was only judicious to leave him in that state of blissful ignorance, at least, until he had had time to cool down.

Tatters rushed for his study, No. 1; Bob Cherry scudded into No. 13. In a second, the Remove passage was empty; while Carne's voice was still floating up from the lower landing. In No. 13, Mark Linley and Hurree Singh and little Wun Lung were at work; and they stared at Bob as he plunged hurriedly in and shut the door after him.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Mark.

"Carne!" gasped Bob. "Keep it dark—he got the footer on his boko—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"He mayn't spot who did it! Where's my blessed Virgil! Not a word—we're hard at work if Carne looks in here. Nobody knows anything."

"The knowfulness will not be terrific," grinned Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

And Study No. 13 settled down to quiet industry.

In Study No. 1, Wharton and Nugent had been about to step out into the passage to learn what was up, when Tatters rushed in. Tatters closed the door after him, gasping. Tatters had not been long at Greyfriars; but he had been there long enough to learn what an awfully serious matter it was to catch a Sixth Form prefect on the nose with a football. If Carne landed on the man who had kicked that football, that man was booked for an exceedingly hectic time. Tatters was likely to be reminded of the days when he had been with Tinker Wilson, if the enraged prefect spotted him. Tatters had had many

a thrashing from the tinker in those days; but it was probable that Carne would out-Herod Herod, as it were.

"What—" began Wharton, staring at Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley.

"Oh, bust my buttons!" gasped

Tatters. "I say, gimme a book or something—sit down—don't let him

know! If the bloke looks in 'ere, don't say a blooming word! It's Carne—and the footer bunged right on his becer!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"You young ass—"

"I s'pose he's 'urt," said Tatters

"He sounds as if he was! He's a bad-tempered bloke, that there Carne—he's jumped on me already for nothing! It will be for something this time, though, if he knows. Oh dear!"

There was a heavy tramping of feet on the Remove staircase. Carne was coming up again.

Wharton and Nugent hurriedly resumed prep. Tatters, who did not share the usual work of the Remove, sat down with a volume of history in the armchair, opening it at random.

Crash! The study door flew open.

Carne of the Sixth appeared in the doorway.

The three juniors looked at him. Carne's aspect was rather startling.

His nose, like Marian's in the ballad, was red and raw. Undoubtedly it had had a very hard knock, and it was swelling a little. He had other damages that were not visible, but quite painful. A fellow could not roll down a staircase without collecting

damages. The rage in Carne's face was alarming.

Self-control, which a Sixth Form prefect ought never to have lost, seemed to have deserted Carne completely. His brows were knitted blackly, his eyes fairly flashed, and his teeth were set. The ashplant in his hand was gripped in an

almost convulsive grip.

"Is he here?" panted Carne.

"Who?" asked Wharton. "Anything up, Carne?"

"Oh, here he is!" shouted Carne, glaring at Cholmondeley.

"Oh cripes!" groaned Tatters.

Evidently the prefect knew!

"Wha-a-at has Cholmondeley done?" asked Wharton.

"I dare say you know what he's done!" roared Carne. "I dare say you were all

in it, you young rascals! I've been knocked down the stairs—knocked flying! By gad! I'll take it out of the young scoundrel! Get aside, Wharton!"

He shoved the captain of the Remove aside and strode at Tatters. The new junior jumped out of the armchair.

"I—I—I say," he gasped. "It—it was an accident, Carne—it was a blooming accident—I never knowed you was there—never saw you coming up—I'm sorry—Ow! Ow!"

Carne grasped him by the collar with his left hand, and with his right, laid on the ashplant.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Wharton and Nugent looked on with grim faces. Tatters yelled and wriggled and roared.

There was no doubt that punishment was due. It was, as Tatters said, an accident; but it was an accident that ought not to have happened. Passage football, in fact, was forbidden for that very reason. "Six"—as severe a six as ever was administered by a prefect—was due to the offender.

Had Carne told Tatters to bend over and given him six of the best there

could have been no just cause of complaint.

Instead of that, however, Carne handed out more than six; and he handed them out with a vigour and energy as if he were beating a carpet. Carne, evidently, was not counting the whacks; he was wreaking his fury on Tatters in an utterly reckless manner.

Tatters yelled frantically. He had had some severe thrashings from Tinker Wilson in the old days; but even Tinker Wilson had never quite licked him like this.

"Ow! Stoppit! Leggo, you rotter!" yelled Tatters. "Ow! 'Elp! Ow!"

Harry Wharton made a step forward. He would never have dreamed of intervening between a prefect and a junior in the case of an ordinary prefect's beating. But this was too "thick."

"Stop that, Carne!" rapped out Wharton.

"What?" roared Carne, glaring round at him.

"That's enough! You've given him more than a dozen! Stop it."

"I'll give you some of the same when I'm finished with him."

Wharton set his lips.

"You're finished with him now," he said. "Stop it!"

Whack! The cane came down again with a terrific swipe! Tatters yelled frantically. Up went Carne's arm again; and Harry Wharton, springing forward, caught it with both hands before it could descend, and dragged the cane aside.

"Chuck it!" he snapped.

"Let go!" roared Carne.

"I won't!"

"Hold the brute!" gasped Nugent, and he ran to his chum's aid.

Carne wrenched his arm free and lashed at Wharton with the cane. The captain of the Remove caught it with his arm. The next moment Carne went over in the grasp of the two juniors and landed on the floor of the study with a crash.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry looked in at the door. The yelling from Study No. 1 had warned Bob that the culprit was known and that punishment was being handed out, and Bob had hurried along to own up to his share in the delinquency and take his share of the gruel. He arrived in time to see Carne sprawling on the floor in the grasp of Wharton and Nugent.

"Lend a hand, Bob!" panted Wharton.

Bob gave one glance at Tatters. The new junior was leaning on the table, gasping for breath, white as chalk. One look was enough for Bob.

"The rotter!" he gasped.

And he hurled himself into the fray.

Carne was struggling up with the two juniors clinging to him when Bob charged in. He went sprawling again.

"Rag him!" yelled Bob.

Ragging a Sixth Form prefect was an awfully serious matter. But the chums of the Remove were reckless now. Three pairs of hands handled Carne. His ashplant was torn away and he rolled on the floor mixed up with the three Removites.

"My esteemed chums!" gasped Hurree Janset Ram Singh, staring in from the passage.

"Leggo!" Carne was yelling. "You'll be flogged for this—sacked! Oh gad! Oh! Ow! Leggo! You young scoundrels—Ooooh!"

"Kick the brute out!" gasped Wharton.

Johnny Bull arrived at the doorway

behind the nabob. Half the Remove were in the passage now, staring and uttering amazed ejaculations.

The handling of a Sixth Form prefect was rather a thrilling occurrence. Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh ran to lend a hand to their comrades in Study No. 1. The rest of the crowd stared on.

"My hat! They're going it!" said Skinner. "They'll be sacked for this! You can't handle a prefect, you know."

"The jolly old order of the boot!" said Snoop.

"Look out!"

Carne of the Sixth, struggling furiously, in the midst of the five juniors in the study, lurched towards the door. The juniors cleared back as he came lurching through in the grasp of the Famous Five.

Carne was not exactly an athlete, but any Sixth Form man was difficult for juniors to handle, and Harry Wharton & Co. had to exert themselves. But they exerted themselves successfully.

Carne came lurching out of the study and the fellows in the passage gave him plenty of room to drop.

Bump!

Carne landed on his back.

"Oh, great Scott!" ejaculated the Bounder. "Chuckin' out a prefect! Oh, my only Aunt Sempronia!"

Carne sat up.

He was wildly dishevelled, dizzy, dazed, breathless. He looked a wreck of a prefect. He sat and panted, glaring at the juniors packed in the doorway of Study No. 1. He gasped and gurgled, trying to speak; but no words came.

"Now get out, you bully!" said Harry Wharton, his eyes flashing at the dishevelled senior. "Get out before you're kicked! You're not wanted in this passage, you rotter!"

Carne staggered to his feet at last.

The breathless crowd of Removites expected him to charge back into the study. But Carne had had enough of hand-to-hand combat with five sturdy and determined fellows. He gave the Famous Five a deadly glare, turned, and tramped away to the stairs.

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### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Getting Away with It!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"I say——"

"Get out, you fat frump!"

"I say, Wingate's coming!"

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

That something would happen the chums of the Remove were only too well aware. The Lower Fourth, in a buzz of excitement, were not giving much attention to prep now.

The Famous Five remained in Study No. 1—waiting for what was to happen next. Handling a prefect and pitching him out of a junior study was an unheard of proceeding, and the consequences were bound to be serious.

Carne was gone, and whether he would come back with Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, or bring the Head on the scene, or what would happen, the chums of the Remove did not know. But they knew something must happen.

Nevertheless, they did not regret the handling of Carne. Tatters was still wriggling painfully, and the marks of Carne's cane were thick upon him. It was probable that if the Head saw those marks he would see that the juniors had had reason to intervene. Anyhow, the bully had had to be stopped; all the Co. agreed on that.

Billy Bunter grinned into the study as he announced that the captain of Greyfriars was coming. Every face there was serious and perturbed; but Bunter seemed to find something entertaining in the affair.

"I say, you fellows, you're for it!" he chuckled. "Wingate's coming up the stairs now; of course, he's coming to take you to the Head. Think you'll get off with a flogging all round?"

"Shut up!" roared Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton! More likely the sack, I think," said Bunter, shaking his head. "After all, what can you expect?"

"You fat rotter!" howled Bob Cherry. "Carne would never have come up at all if you hadn't yelled like a scalded cat."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Bump him!" said Johnny Bull.

"I say, Wingate's in the passage! I say, if you're sacked, Wharton——"

"Get out, you fat freak!"

"If you and Nugent are sacked I'm jolly well going to have this study!" said Bunter. "It's the best in the Remove! I think—— Yarooop!" roared Bunter as a Latin grammar caught him on his fat chin.

The juniors in Study No. 1 seemed tired of Bunter's cheery conversation.

"Ow! Beast! Ow!" roared Bunter, staggering back into the passage.

"Look out, you fat duffer!" snapped Wingate of the Sixth, as Bunter backed into him. "Why aren't you in your study in lock-up? Take a hundred lines for being out of your study, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Wingate——"

"Cut!" snapped Wingate. And as he made a motion with his hand towards a fat ear, William George Bunter promptly cut.

The Sixth-Former stepped into Study No. 1. Five juniors there met him with grim looks. Tatters was still wriggling painfully. The head prefect of Greyfriars eyed the chums of the Remove with a knitted brow.

"Well!" he rapped.

"Well, old bean?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"You've been handling the prefect who was on duty in lock-up."

"Yes," said Harry.

"Carne came up here because some rag was on, and Cholmondeley, it seems, pitched a football at him, and when he started in to beat Cholmondeley you all set on him. Is that how it stands?"

Wingate had evidently received Carne's account of the affair. But no doubt he wanted to make sure of his facts before reporting the matter to the Head. Possibly he fancied that Carne might have exaggerated a little.

"That's it, more or less," said Harry. "But——"

"It was an accident with the footer," said Bob. "We had no idea that Carne was coming up——"

"That makes no difference."

"Nunno; I know it doesn't," murmured Bob. "But I thought I'd mention it, Wingate."

"Anything more to say before I take you to the Head?" asked the captain of Greyfriars.

"Yes," said Harry quietly. "We're quite ready to go before the Head, Wingate. I shall tell Dr. Locke what we've done, and that in the same circumstances we should do exactly the same thing again."

Wingate stared.

"Well, if you like to ask for the sack it's your business!" he said. "You may get off with a flogging if you're not cheeky."

"I think the Head will see that we

couldn't have done anything else when he sees Cholmondeley," answered Wharton.

"You interfered when Carne was giving the kid six?"

"He was thrashing him like a hooligan, and we interfered—and we'd interfere again!" said Nugent.

Wingate glanced round at the faces of the five; then he fixed his eyes on Cholmondeley. As a matter of fact, the head prefect was not at all sure that he had had all the facts from Carne.

"Come here, Cholmondeley!" he rapped.

"Yes," gasped Tatters.

Wingate's brow grew very grim. Carne had laid on the cane in blind fury, careless where the blows fell. There was a red weal on the back of Tatters' neck, where one reckless lash had fallen, and it was fairly clear that there were plenty more out of sight.

Tatters was strong and hardy, not at all the fellow to crumple up under an ordinary licking; his life with Tinker Wilson had toughened him too much for that. But he had crumpled up now; he was wriggling and squirming with pain.

Wingate's brow grew grimmer and grimmer.

"You'd better see the marks on his back before you take us to the Head, Wingate," said Harry Wharton. "I fancy Carne will be sorry the Head was brought into this!"

"The kid deserved a licking, and a jolly hard one," said Wingate slowly.

"I know that! But there's a limit!"

Wingate hesitated. Then he turned on his heel and left Study No. 1. The Famous Five exchanged glances.

Wingate went down the staircase and returned to the Sixth Form studies. With a grim brow he entered Carne's study.

Carne was there, putting himself to rights a little. He stared round at the Greyfriars captain.

"You've taken those young scoundrels to the Head?" he asked.

"No!" grunted Wingate.

"Then, why—"

"You told me they set on you while you were giving a kid six. I find that the kid's been thrashed as if some hooligan had handled him. You must have been out of your senses, I think, Carne."

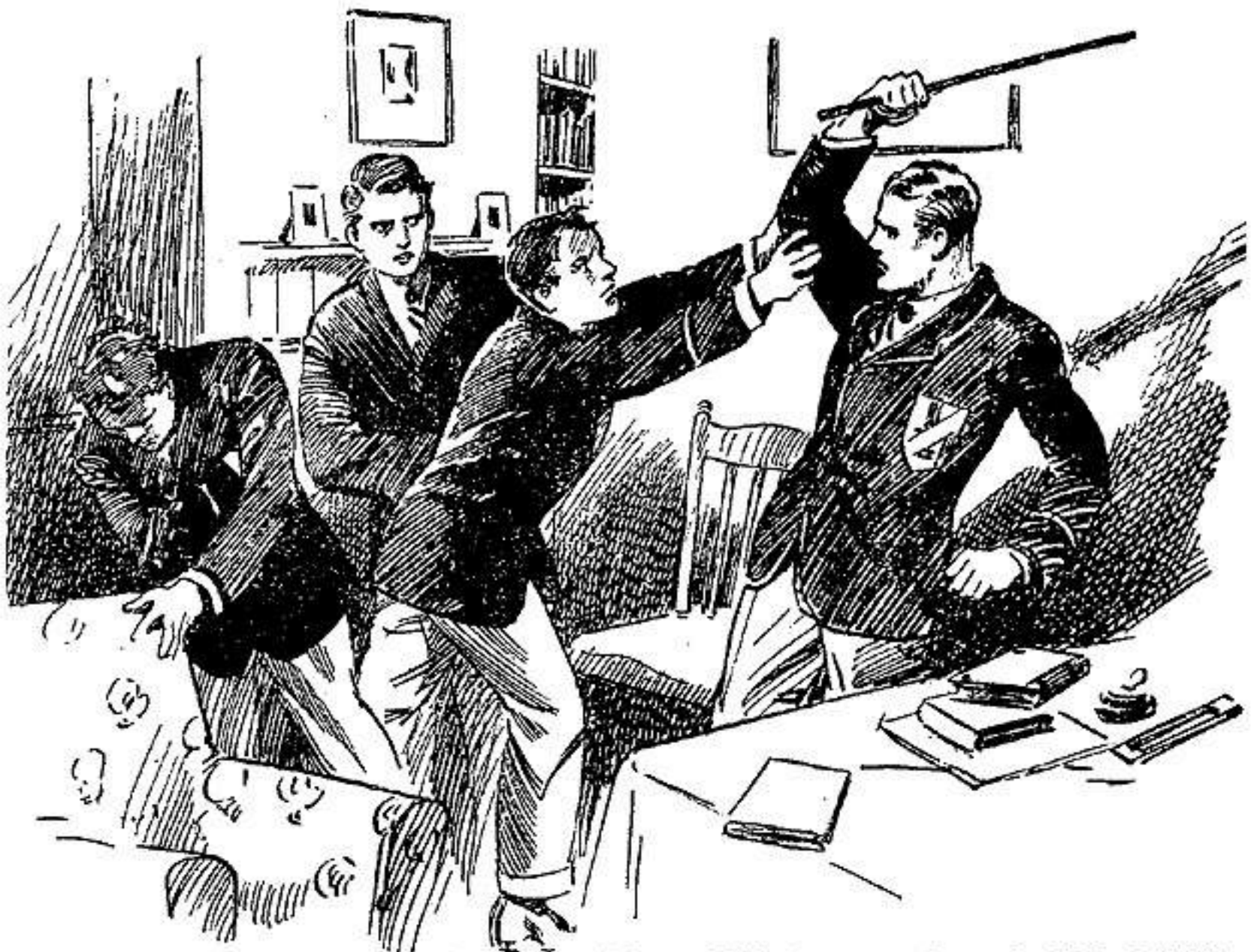
"If you'd been knocked downstairs by a football—"

"There's a limit!" snapped Wingate. "You've acted in a rotten, disgraceful way, Carne—"

"What?" yelled Carne.

"I refuse to take the matter up at all. So far as I can see, the juniors were bound to stop you, or you'd have got yourself sacked from the school for ill-using that kid. It was lucky for you they did stop you, I think."

Carne stared at him, almost stuttering with rage.



Carne's arm rose again, but before the cane could descend Wharton sprang forward. "Chuck it!" he snapped.

"You—you—you won't take the matter up, as head prefect?" he bawled.

"No. Go to the Head yourself, if you like; but I advise you not to," said Wingate. "I warn you that if the Head sees Cholmondeley now, and sees how you've handled him, you won't remain a prefect—even if you remain at Greyfriars at all. If you've got any sense you'll let the matter drop where it is."

"I'm going to the Head!" roared Carne.

"Go, then; if you're fool enough!" snapped Wingate. And he walked out of the study, and left the bully of the Sixth to his own devices.

Carne strode out of the study, pale with rage. He tramped away in the direction of the Head's study.

But his hurried stride slackened before he reached that apartment. He slowed down more and more—and finally stopped. It was borne in on his mind that Wingate's advice was good; he remembered how he had laid on the ashplant in No. 1 in the Remove, and he realised that there must be marks on Tatters that would make the Head open his eyes wide if he saw them. The prefects of Greyfriars had the power of the cane on the understanding that they used it with judiciousness. Carne realised that he could not hope to convince the Head that that terrific thrashing of Tatters had been judicious.

He halted within sight of the Head's door, and slowly turned away and walked back to his own study. He realised that it would not do. George Wingate's advice was good; and the bully of the Sixth resolved to act upon it. Somehow or other, he would "take it out" of Tatters at a later date; but not till those tell-tale marks were gone.

In Study No. 1, the Famous Five waited.

But nothing happened.

Apparently the matter was at an end. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and the nabob returned to their own studies to finish their prep. Wharton and Nugent sat down again to work.

When prep was over, still nothing had happened. The Bounder looked into No. 1 on his way down to the Rag.

"How goes it?" he asked.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing's happened; I fancy Wingate's tipped Carne to chuck it. I'm rather sorry—I'd have liked the Head to see Tatters. The brute wouldn't have been a prefect much longer, I think."

The Bounder whistled.

"My hat! You've handled a prefect—and got away with it. Well, if Carne's chucked it, he will take it out of you, somehow."

"Let him try!" said the captain of the Remove disdainfully.

Vernon-Smith laughed, and walked on. In the Rag that evening, there was excited discussion of the affair. Right up to bed-time, most of the fellows expected to see the Famous Five called before the Head or Mr. Quelch. But there was no summons for the famous Co., and it seemed clear at last that they had "got away" with it, as the Bounder expressed it.

Loder of the Sixth saw lights out for the Remove that night. Loder was a pal of Carne's, and in the dormitory he gave the Famous Five an expressive look; but that was all. He looked at Tatters, too, before the new junior turned in, and whistled softly at the sight of the very visible traces of Carne's handiwork. Loder was looking thoughtful, when he turned out the light, and left the dormitory; and he went to Carne's study when he got downstairs.

"You ass!" he said.

Carne glared at him.

"Just as well you let Wingate persuade you to chuck it," said Loder. "You must have been off your rocker to pitch into the kid like that. You might be sacked if the Beak saw him now."

"Rot!" snarled Carne.

Gerald Loder looked at him coolly, and a little contemptuously.

"Well, take my tip, and don't do it again," he said. "You've got a rotten temper, Carne, when you let it go. You'd better learn to put the brake on a bit."

"Oh, shut up!"

Lader shrugged his shoulders and left the study, and Carne kicked the door shut after him.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Not Tatters!

"**W**HAT about Tatters?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Nothing doing!"

It was a few days later, and after dinner on Wednesday, a half-holiday at Greyfriars. The weather was fine; cold, but clear and bright, and the Famous Five had planned to bike over to Lantham that afternoon, to see a League match. In ordinary circumstances Tatters would have gone with his friends; but the circumstances were not ordinary. Tatters was gated.

Gating, at Greyfriars, was a punishment that sometimes fell on the fellows. But in Tatters' case, it was not a punishment, but a precaution.

Since the attempt made by Tinker Wilson to recapture Tatters, once the tinker's boy, the Head had given Cholmondeley instructions to remain within gates. Until the rascally tinker was taken into custody, and put in a safe place, Dr. Locke felt that the boy could not be allowed to run risks.

Tatters certainly would have preferred the risks to the gating. But it was not left to Tatters to decide.

"It's rather rotten," said Bob. "Tatters never played footer before he came here, and he's trying hard to pick

up the game. It would do him a lot of good to see a good League match."

"Wot!" agreed Tatters.

"I—I suppose it wouldn't do for Tatters to cut," said Bob.

Wharton shook his head decidedly.

"No fear!"

"The no-fearfulness is terrific," said Hurrec Jamsset Ram Singh. "You are rememberfully aware, my esteemed Bob, that the excellent and execrable tinker is still at large, and the ridiculous Tatters will be in danger if he emergefully proceeds out of the absurd gates."

"It's 'ard cheese!" said Tatters. "But there you are!"

"But that brute Wilson hasn't been seen about here since that time he got hold of Tatters," said Bob. "It stands to reason that he's cleared off, now the bobbies are looking for him."

"Most likely," agreed Nugent. "But—"

"But the Head knows best," said Johnny Bull. "Tatters can't go out of gates. If that brute of a tinker happened to be hanging round—"

"Tatters would be safe enough with us," said Bob. "In fact, I'd just like to meet Mr. Wilson, when we're all together. Look here, it's all rot to suppose that Tatters wouldn't be safe with five fellows."

"Safe as 'ouses!" said Tatters. "I'd like to come! Look 'ere, s'pose I ask Quelch. I'll tell 'im I'll be with you blokes all the time—that is, of course, if you coveys like my company."

The juniors grinned.

Tatters was the only junior at Greyfriars who referred to fellows as blokes and coveys. Tatters was learning fast in the Remove; he was quick and intelligent, and a hard worker. But he was slow to unlearn the remarkable

vocabulary he had learned in his days on the road with Tinker Wilson.

"Us coveys," said Bob solemnly, "will be glad of the company of a bloke like you, Tatters."

"Ha, ha ha!"

"The gladfulness will be terrific," said Hurrec Jamsset Ram Singh. "Let the esteemed and ridiculous Tatters put it to the absurd Quelch. In our ludicrous company he will be safe from the disgusting tinker."

"No harm in asking Quelch, anyhow," agreed Harry Wharton. "It's rather rotten for poor old Tatters to have to stick within gates on a half-holiday.—Go and try your luck with Quelch, kid."

And Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley proceeded to his Form master's study, to try his luck.

Mr. Quelch gave him a kind smile as he entered the study.

The Remove master had been extremely taken aback by Tatters, when that unusual new boy had first arrived at Greyfriars. He had hardly concealed that he was by no means pleased by such an addition to his Form. Cholmondeley was grandson and heir to Sir George Cholmondeley, of Cholmondeley Castle in Hampshire; but that did not alter the fact that he had spent all his earlier years on the road as a tinker's boy, and that his mind was a beautiful blank so far as school work was concerned.

But Mr. Quelch, rather to his own surprise, had taken quite a liking to the one-time tinker's boy.

Tatters' pronunciation and selection of words undoubtedly made Mr. Quelch wince. But the boy was doing his best; and no fellow could do more. He had an immense respect for Mr. Quelch, and listened to the Form master's slightest words as if they were pearls of wisdom falling from his lips; and that, of course, would have gratified any Form master. There were plenty of fellows in the Remove who were far from valuing Mr. Quelch's instructions so highly.

Moreover, it was Mr. Quelch who had saved Tatters from the hands of his old tyrant when Tinker Wilson had recaptured him. Tatters was deeply and genuinely grateful for that, and gratitude had a pleasing effect on Mr. Quelch. So, with all Cholmondeley's drawbacks, he liked the boy; and his kind smile as Tatters presented himself in the study showed as much.

"Ah, Cholmondeley," he said, "I was about to send for you."

"Oh, sir!" said Tatters. "I 'ope I ain't done nothing."

When a Form master sent for a fellow it was natural for that fellow to feel rather apprehensive.

"Not at all, my boy," said Mr. Quelch. "I have no fault to find with you, though I certainly wish you would make a little more progress with the pronunciation of the aspirate."

Tatters paused a moment to assimilate this. He did not always find it easy to follow Mr. Quelch's observations.

"Oh! You mean the blooming aitches, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Not blooming, Cholmondeley."

"Yes, sir—I mean, no, sir," said Tatters. "I try as 'ard as I can, sir. I 'ope—I mean, I hope—that I'll soon be talking jest like the other blokes, sir—I mean the other coveys—that is, the other fellows, sir. I come 'ere—I mean here—to ask you something, sir."

"You may speak, Cholmondeley."

"My friends are goin' over to Lantham to see a football match, sir, this arfternoon—"

"This arfternoon, Cholmondeley."

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"I mean this afternoon, sir. Seeing as there'll be a reglar crowd of 'em, mabbe you'd let me go, sir. I'd be quite safe from Tinker Wilson, if he's still 'anging about, along of my pals, sir."

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

"I am afraid it is impossible, Cholmondeley."

Tatters' face fell.

"With so many blokes along of me, sir—I mean, fellows—"

"Quite so, Cholmondeley! An exception might be made, in those circumstances," said Mr. Quelch. "But it will be necessary for you to remain in the school this afternoon, as a visitor is coming to see you."

"Oh!" said Tatters.

"I was about to send for you to tell you so," said Mr. Quelch. "Your grandfather, Sir George, has been very much disturbed by the news that that ruffian, Wilson, made an attempt to get you into his hands again."

Tatters' face, already long, grew longer.

"Is the old covey coming, sir?" he faltered.

Mr. Quelch jumped.

"The who—what—"

"I—I mean my grandfather, sir!" stammered Tatters.

Apparently the prospect of a visit from the old baronet had a rather dismaying effect on the baronet's grandson.

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"I trust, Cholmondeley, that you have a proper affection and respect for Sir George Cholmondeley!" he rumbled.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Tatters. "But he rather frightens a bloke, sir."

Mr. Quelch stared at him and suppressed a smile. He had seen the lord of Cholmondeley Castle, and he was not surprised that the fierce old gentleman had a rather terrifying effect on the tinker's boy.

"Well, well, it is not Sir George who is coming," he said. "I understand that Sir George has another grandson; your cousin, Cholmondeley—a Mr. Cyril Rackstraw—"

"Yes, sir," said Tatters. "I seen him at 'ome! He don't like me."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Quelch. "Mr. Rackstraw is coming to see you this afternoon, Cholmondeley. He appears, from his letter to me, to share your grandfather's anxiety for your safety; and he is also interested to learn what progress you have made since you have been at Greyfriars. This is very kind of your cousin, Cholmondeley."

"Yes, sir, if you say so, sir!" said Tatters submissively. "I dessay you know better'n me, sir."

"You will see the necessity, therefore, of remaining within gates this afternoon, Cholmondeley. Mr. Rackstraw will, I understand, travel by car, so I cannot tell you exactly when he will arrive. You may go, Cholmondeley."

"Yes, sir," said Tatters.

He left the study and returned to his friends, his usually cheery face somewhat lugubrious in expression.

"Nuffin' doin'!" said Tatters. "My blooming cousin's coming to see me this arternoon—that Mister Rackstraw what I told you about—and I got to stick in. So that's that, old coveys!"

And "that" being "that," Harry Wharton & Co. wheeled out their machines and started for Lantham.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Man in Lantham Chase!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"My esteemed Bob—"

"Haven't you seen that merchant before?" asked Bob, with a

jerk of his head towards a young man strolling under the trees in the path through Lantham Chase.

It was a good ride from Greyfriars to Lantham—ten miles by the roads. But several miles were cut off by lanes and by-ways and bridle-paths that the chums of the Remove were well acquainted with.

They made good speed; and, in fact, they had little time to cut to waste if they were to arrive on the Lantham Ramblers' ground for the kick-off.

Lantham Chase was a wide track of woodland at a short distance from the market town. Much of it was enclosed; but in other parts there were foot-paths and bridle-paths. A bridle-path that the juniors knew saved them half a mile, and they came along in a cheery bunch under the leafless branches that arched overhead; but slowed suddenly when, to their surprise, they saw a small car ahead of them.

It was rather a moot point whether cyclists were allowed to use the bridle-paths in Lantham Chase. On that point the chums of the Remove gave themselves the benefit of the doubt. But there was no doubt at all that motor-cars were barred on the paths. It was

man had been with Sir George, and they knew that he was Mr. Cyril Rackstraw, grandson of the old baronet, and cousin of Tatters.

Apparently Mr. Rackstraw was waiting for someone as he strolled by his car in Lantham Chase, for he was staring about him, though not in the direction of the juniors, and biting his lip as if with impatience.

As Tatters had told the chums that Mr. Rackstraw was coming to Greyfriars that afternoon, they were not surprised to see him in the neighbourhood. But it was rather surprising to see him in Lantham Chase, loitering about by his halted car. Apparently Mr. Rackstraw had other business in Kent, as well as making a call on his cousin at the school.

The young man appeared to become suddenly aware of the approach of the cyclists. He turned his head quickly and stared at them, and then stepped out of the way to let them pass.

His glance passed over them carelessly and without recognition. The juniors remembered him—they knew the handsome, rather dissipated-looking face of Mr. Cyril Rackstraw quite well. They had seen him only once, on the occasion of that chance meeting in Surrey in the holidays; but they had had a good look at him. Moreover, there was a family resemblance to Tatters in his looks.

But Mr. Rackstraw, no doubt, had paid no special attention to the school-boys on the occasion of that meeting weeks ago in Surrey.

Sir George, at that time, had been in search of Tinker Wilson. He had stopped the chums of the Remove to inquire if they had seen the tinker, and he had probably made the same inquiry of dozens of other people, if not scores.

Mr. Rackstraw could hardly have noticed or remembered all of them.

It was clear that he did not remember Harry Wharton & Co., for after a careless stare he stepped out of their way, moving round the car.

The juniors rode on.

Except that they had seen Mr. Rackstraw with Sir George on that one occasion, they did not know him, and even on that occasion they had not spoken to him. As he was the cousin of Tatters of the Remove, they would have greeted him in passing, had he recognised them, but it was evident that he did not.

So they rode on their way, and in a few moments Mr. Rackstraw and his car were out of sight behind them.

"Tatters would have met his jolly old cousin, if he'd have been with us, after all!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"I wonder what he's doing here," said Johnny Bull. "If he's come up from Hampshire, he wouldn't pass Lantham on his way to Greyfriars."

"Looked as if he was waiting for somebody."

"Dropped in at the Lantham races, perhaps," said Johnny Bull. "He looks that sort."

"He oughtn't to have brought the car along the bridle-path," said Nugent. "Still, I'm not sure that we ought to have brought these bikes. 'Hallo, look out—there's somebody on the path.'"

The cyclists slowed down again as a pedestrian appeared on the path ahead of them.

He was a roughly-dressed man, with a hat pulled low over his brows, coming up the grassy path with rapid strides.

Bob Cherry sounded his bell, and the man stared up at the cyclists. He was in the middle of the path, but he did not step aside. He came on up the

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cigarettes, my lad?"

Little Boy: "I am, mum,  
but what's a man to do when  
he ain't got the price of a  
cigar?"

Turn to page 12, then get busy on  
a joke and win one of our  
USEFUL PRIZES!

quite surprising to see a car parked there.

It was only a small car; one of those useful little cars that cover the roads like bluebottles.

Still, it was a car; and a car certainly had no right to be standing on a bridle-path in the heart of the woodland. Small as the car was, it almost filled the grassy path, and the cyclists could only pass it singly, and with care, squeezing between the car and brambles. So they strung out in line to take the narrow passage, and just as they were about to ride through Bob Cherry sighted the young man strolling under the trees, and evidently recognised him.

"Know the chap?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Seen him," answered Bob. "Don't you remember that day in the hols when Tatters' grandfather came along in his whacking car, looking for Tatters? That merchant was with him."

"I know him now," assented Wharton.

The young man was looking away from the juniors, and he did not seem to have heard the bicycles on the grassy path. They had a view of his profile, and they all knew him now. They remembered the day when old Sir George Cholmondeley had spoken to them on the road in Surrey, when the old gentleman had been in search of the tinker and Tatters. This young

middle of the path, leaving the riders to brush by the brambles on either side of him. Evidently he was not of an obliging nature.

Harry Wharton glanced at him in passing. Something familiar struck him about the burly, slouching figure. But the man's face, half-hidden by a thick, stubby beard, was unfamiliar. But the junior could not help noticing that the eyes, sharp and glinting under beetling brows, gleamed at him as he passed with an expression that was extremely hostile.

The Greyfriars fellows rode round the man, and pedalled on their way. Harry Wharton, glancing back, saw that the burly man had stopped, and was staring after them.

As he saw Wharton looking back, however, he swung round, and tramped on his way, and disappeared.

"I've seen that merchant before," said Harry.

"Some tramp," said Nugent. "Uncivil beast."

"I believe he knows us," said Harry. His brow was thoughtful as he rode on. "I wonder—"

"Same here," said Bob. "He was jolly like—"

"The tinker!" said Harry.

Well, I suppose it can't be Tinker Wilson," said Bob. "But it struck me for a moment that he looked like him. But if he's the tinker, he's grown a big beard since we saw him last."

Wharton slowed down.

"I wonder—" he repeated.

"Oh, come on," said Johnny Bull. "Only some blessed tramp! We don't want to be late at Lantham."

"If it's the tinker he's grown that beard to alter his looks," said Harry. "The Courtfield police are looking for him, and they've got his description."

"Well, it's not likely," said Nugent, "and even if it's the tinker, he can't be after Tatters now; we're eight miles from Greyfriars here."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Well, I suppose there's nothing in it," he agreed. "He looked like the tinker, though, and I'm sure he knew us, the way he glared. Let's get on."

And the Famous Five put on speed, and came out into the Lantham road and whizzed on to the town.

Wharton was in a thoughtful mood, however. He could not feel sure, but he had a strong impression that the bearded man in Lantham Chase was Tinker Wilson, and if the tinker was anywhere near Greyfriars it meant danger to Tatters.

The juniors rode into Lantham, and put up their machines. They joined the crowd pouring into the Ramblers' ground, in time to see the kick-off. And in the keen interest of watching a League game, they soon forgot other matters.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### An Old Acquaintance!

**C**ARNE of the Sixth, coming in at the gates of Greyfriars, scowled. His eyes glinted at a junior in the gateway.

Tatters of the Remove was there, watching the road. He was looking for the arrival of his cousin, Mr. Cyril Rackstraw.

Tatters, as a matter of fact, was not much interested in Mr. Rackstraw. He knew, more by instinct than anything else, that Mr. Rackstraw liked him very little, if at all.

Why the young man should dislike him Tatters did not know; but during the days he had spent at Cholmondeley

Castle, he had not been left in doubt of it.

The change in the tinker's boy's circumstances had been great since his grandfather had found him and reclaimed him; even yet Tatters was not used to it, and almost expected to wake up some morning and find himself still a tinker's boy, tramping the roads with Tinker Wilson, and wheeling the handcart.

From his grandfather, much as the old baronet had done for him, Tatters had not received much in the way of affection.

He had only a dim knowledge of his own history; but he was aware that his father had been cut off by the imperious old gentleman for some sort of disobedience, and had died poor and neglected, utterly disregarded by the old baronet.

Why Sir George had taken so much trouble to trace out the boy left by that neglected son had puzzled Tatters at first, but he had learned since what it meant.

So long as Sir George's elder sons had lived, he had apparently not given a thought to the younger son whom he had turned off and discarded, and who had gone to the bad and died in poverty.

But accidents had robbed Sir George of his sons, and they had left no heirs to carry on his name. The only Cholmondeley remaining in the direct line was the boy left by that wretched young man who had died the associate of tramps on the road.

For that reason, the old baronet had had a search instituted for his grandson; though many years had passed before Tatters was at last traced and found.

It was family pride, the desire to have the title and estate carried on by a Cholmondeley, that had been the proud old man's motive; affection, or a sense of duty to his kin, had had nothing to do with it.

Tatters had soon realized that, and it had chilled him. He had never even known his own name till he was found and reclaimed; but he had often thought and longed for the unknown relations he knew he must possess somewhere. And he had been prepared to bestow all his pent-up affection on his grandfather; but he had soon found that Sir George did not want it, or even understand it.

All the old man wanted of Tatters was that he should cast off the slough of the tinker and become a creditable heir to the name of Cholmondeley.

Rebuffed by his grandfather, Tatters would have turned gladly to his cousin, but from Cyril Rackstraw he received only a deep and bitter dislike. Tatters was too inexperienced to realise the cause; he did not understand what a difference his home-coming meant to Rackstraw.

The baronetcy could only pass to a Cholmondeley, but the great estate and large fortune could and would have passed to Sir George's other grandson had Tatters never been found.

All Cyril Rackstraw's prospects had been ruined by the return of the heir of the Cholmondeleys. In his eyes the tinker's boy was an interloper, one who had robbed him of his inheritance.

Without knowing the cause, Tatters had felt the dislike and enmity. Cholmondeley Castle was an immense change after tramping the roads with the tinker; but Tatters had been far from happy there. And it had been sheer joy to him to find, at Greyfriars, the fellows who had befriended him when he was a tinker's boy, and who

were cordially prepared to welcome him as a Greyfriars man.

This afternoon Tatters missed his friends sorely. Most of the Remove were out of gates, as well as the Famous Five. Tatters wandered about by himself for some time, and at last went down to the gates to watch for Rackstraw. He anticipated no pleasure whatever from his cousin's visit, but it was something to relieve the monotony, at least.

So he leaned on a buttress at the gates, and watched the road for Mr. Rackstraw's car, not in a cheerful mood. He was standing there when Carne of the Sixth came in and scowled at him.

Carne, evidently, had not forgotten the incident of the football on the Remove staircase, or his handling in Study No. 1. Carne, too, was a good deal of a snob, and he was one of the Greyfriars men who regarded it as altogether too "thick" for a grubby little scoundrel of a tinker's boy to be admitted to the school—a little brute, as Carne remarked to Loder and Walker, who couldn't speak the King's English, and had been seen to eat with his knife in Hall on his first day at Greyfriars.

Carne asked his friends in the Sixth what the dooce Greyfriars was coming to. And Loder and Walker had agreed that it was frightfully thick. As old Sir George was a governor of the school, perhaps the Head had not had much choice in the matter. Still, it was undoubtedly very thick.

"What are you hanging about here for, Rags?" snapped Carne, coming to a halt, and staring at the new junior.

Tatters detached himself from the buttress.

"I ain't doing no 'arm, sir!" he mumbled.

Carne's lip curled. A little brute who dropped his h's, and addressed a Sixth Form man as "sir," was a precious sort of fellow for Greyfriars!

"Well, don't mooch about the gateway!" snapped Carne. "You're not a credit to the school to put yourself on view."

"I'm waiting for Mr. Rackstraw," he explained. "That's my cousin, sir. He's coming this arfternoon."

"Wait for him in the House, then!"

"Orlright," said Tatters.

And he went in. It was sheer persecution, but the orders of a Sixth Form prefect had to be obeyed.

Carne scowled after him. He would have been glad of a pretext to give the junior lines, or a licking; but Tatters' prompt obedience left him no excuse.

There was the buzz of a car on the road, and it slowed down at the school gates. Carne glanced round at it. If this was Tatters' cousin, he was rather curious to see him. He wondered what sort of a blighter the tinker's cousin would be.

It was a small, dark blue car that was turning in at the gates. It was driven by a young man with a rather handsome face, and Carne started as he looked at him, and waved his hand in greeting. Mr. Rackstraw glanced at him in return, and smiled. Evidently they were acquainted.

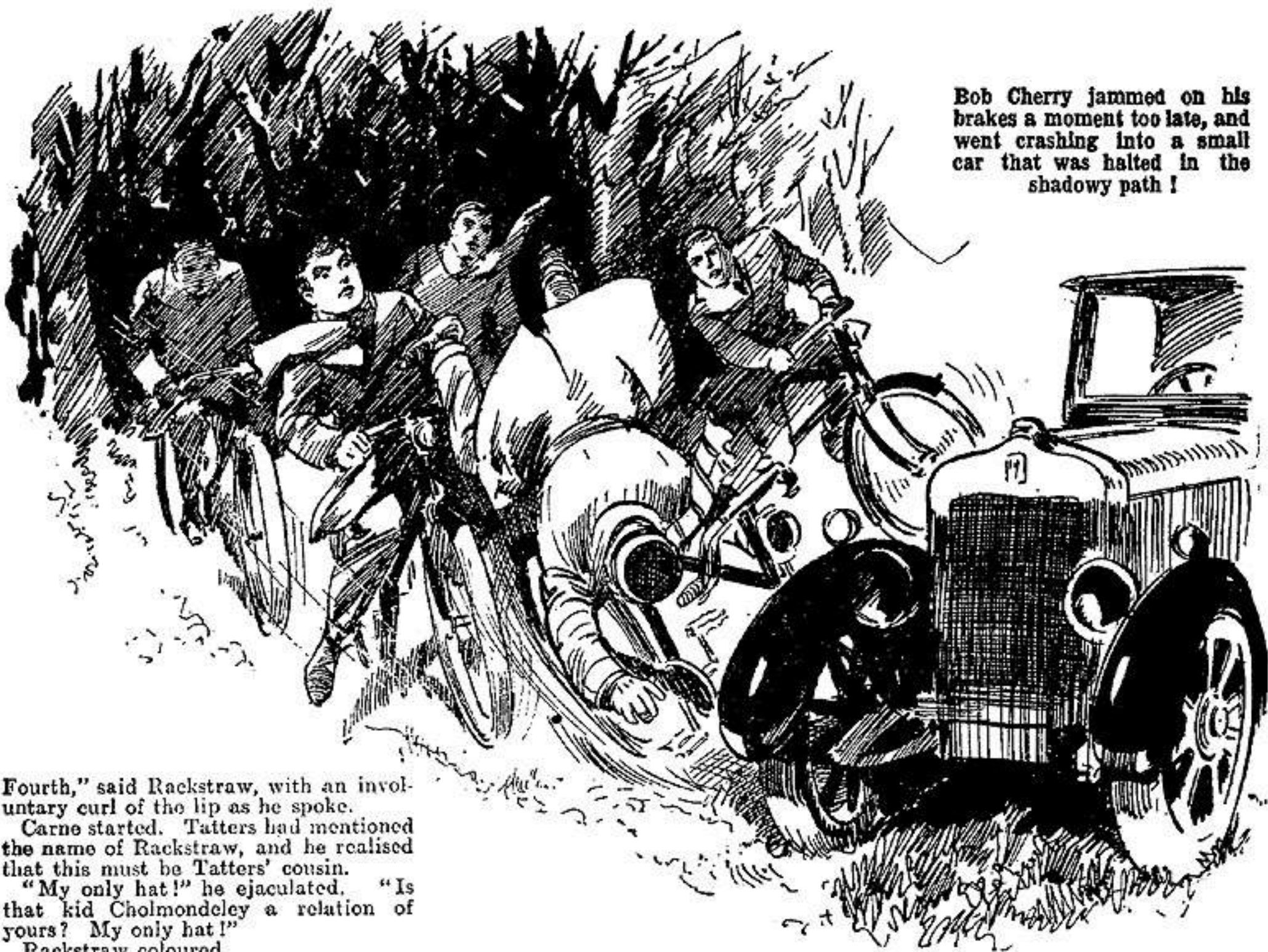
Rackstraw drew the car to a halt outside Gosling's lodge, and stepped down. "You here?" he said. "I did not know you belonged to Greyfriars."

He shook hands with Carne, and they walked on to the House together.

"Yes, I'm in the Sixth here," said Carne. "What are you doing here, Rackstraw? Relation here?"

"Yes; a young cousin in the Lower





Bob Cherry jammed on his brakes a moment too late, and went crashing into a small car that was halted in the shadowy path!

Fourth," said Rackstraw, with an involuntary curl of the lip as he spoke.

Carne started. Tatters had mentioned the name of Rackstraw, and he realised that this must be Tatters' cousin.

"My only hat!" he ejaculated. "Is that kid Cholmondeley a relation of yours? My only hat!"

Rackstraw coloured.

"Not my fault—my misfortune!" he said sourly. "I suppose you've noticed him here?"

"Yes, rather!" grinned Carne. "I fancy all Greyfriars has given him some notice. We're not used to tinker's boys."

"Has the young ass told that story all over the school?" said Rackstraw. "He was told to keep it a secret."

"It seems that there are fellows here, in his own Form, who met him somewhere when he was a tinker," said Carne. "It was the talk of the school at the beginning of term."

"I suppose so, if it came out. I suppose the kid's a sort of outcast here—sent to Coventry by the rest."

"Not at all. He seems to have made a lot of friends in his Form."

Rackstraw shrugged his shoulders.

"Money talks!" he said cynically. "I forgot that. Tinker or no tinker, he's a Cholmondeley, with one of the biggest fortunes in England coming to him some day. I dare say he's found friends."

"Well, as a matter of fact, his friends aren't that sort," said Carne. "They're cheeky little scoundrels; but from what I've heard, they befriended the kid when he was a tinker, and they've taken him up here. As you're his cousin, I won't tell you what I think of him."

Rackstraw laughed.

"You needn't mind," he answered. "I dare say you can guess how proud I am of a tinker for a cousin."

"Yet you've come here to see him!"

"Grandfather's orders!" said Rackstraw sourly. "I'm to see how the grubby little scoundrel is getting on, and report progress. Does he still drop his h's and eat with his knife?"

Carne grinned. His own dislike of Tatters was strong; but it was evidently as moonlight unto sunlight, as

water unto wine, compared with Mr. Cyril Rackstraw's.

"I suppose you're not frightfully anxious to see him in a hurry?" he remarked. "Come into my study and smoke a cigarette."

Rackstraw raised his eyebrows.

"Is that allowed here?"

"Not at all," answered Carne coolly. "But I suppose Greyfriars isn't the only school where Sixth Form men do what isn't allowed."

Rackstraw laughed, and walked into the House with Carne, and to the Sixth-Former's study. He dropped into an armchair, and Carne produced a box of cigarettes; taking the precaution, however, to turn the key in the lock before he did so. Carne took another chair, and they lighted cigarettes.

Rackstraw leaned back, staring at Carne curiously.

"I had no idea you were a Greyfriars man," he said. "You never mentioned it when I made your acquaintance at the Playful Pelican. I suppose you were on holiday when you haunted the night clubs?"

"Exactly. You don't want to mention the Playful Pelican here," added Carne, with a grin. "Of course, a man does as he likes in the vac. But a lot is expected of a prefect. The Head wouldn't expect his prefects to enter a show like the Pelican, even in the holidays; in fact, he would be shocked to hear that I had ever heard of such a place."

"Oh, quite!" said Rackstraw. "I haven't forgotten my own schooldays."

"We have to toe the line here, of course," said Carne.

Rackstraw nodded.

"It's a jolly old mutual surprise," said Carne. "I rather wondered what Cholmondeley's cousin would be like. I

rather expected to see some rank outsider like himself—excuse me! Never dreamed that I knew you."

"You don't like the kid?"

"No." Carne grinned again. "I suppose it was rather a shock to you when a cousin of that sort turned up. But does it make any difference to you, apart from the disgrace?"

"Only a difference of fifty thousand a year in prospect!" said Rackstraw, between his teeth.

"Oh, my only hat!" Carne gasped. "You must love him, then!"

The expression on Cyril Rackstraw's face for a moment showed just how much he loved his new-found cousin. Carne was rather startled by that look. But it passed in a moment.

"You see, my respected grandfather is keen on the name, and the family," drawled Rackstraw. "I'm his grandson as much as that outsider is; but I happen to be a Rackstraw, and can't carry on the title or the jolly old name! The old fool is still livin' in the Dark Ages, and doesn't even suspect that all that sort of thing is played out these days. He would rather have a Cholmondeley out of Borstal than leave his estate to a Rackstraw, if he could help it. But for that, he wouldn't touch this little brute with a pair of tongs. The young scoundrel would have died a tinker if the old fool's elder son hadn't broken his neck in the hunting-field. But that left only this kid—and he had to be found."

"The old ass!" said Carne.

There was a tap at the study door.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Carne. "Who's there?"

"It's me!" came the voice of Tatters.

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"Your precious cousin," said Carne. "I suppose he knows you've come."

Rackstraw rose to his feet. "I'd better see him. I'll see you again another time, Carne. I'm jolly glad to have met you here." He crushed the cigarette under his foot. "Let the little brute in."

Carne abolished his own cigarette, unlocked the door, and opened it. Tatters, in the passage, glanced rather timidly into the study.

"I 'ope I ain't interrupting, Cousin Cyril," he said. "But I thought you wanted to see me, so I came to tell you—"

"Quite right," said Rackstraw. "I was just asking Carne where I could find you." He shook hands with his cousin, with an appearance of cordiality that made Carne stare.

With a nod to Carne, Rackstraw left the study and walked away with Tatters. Carne of the Sixth stared after them.

"My hat!" he said.

And Carne shut the door again and lighted another cigarette.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Trapped!

TATTERS felt relieved.

There was, in fact, a cheery smile on his face as he walked in the quadrangle with his cousin, Cyril Rackstraw.

He had been far from looking forward to the visit. He had, indeed, wished that this cousin, who certainly did not like him, had not been coming to the school at all. To his surprise, he found that Mr. Rackstraw was in a very agreeable mood.

Rackstraw looked in at his study in the Remove passage, sat in the arm-chair, and talked to him pleasantly. He asked Tatters many questions about his life at Greyfriars and about the friends he had made in his Form. Tatters talked willingly; among other things he related the episode of Carne and the football.

Mr. Rackstraw accepted a cup of tea and a bun in the study, and was so very agreeable that Tatters began to think that he had been mistaken and that his cousin, after all, did not really dislike him.

Then they walked in the quad, Tatters feeling quite pleased to show off a handsome, well-dressed relative like Mr. Rackstraw.

Rackstraw, on his side, had to admit to himself that, so far as looks went, Arthur Cecil Cholmondeley was a connection not to be ashamed of. He was as nice-looking a junior as any at Greyfriars—so long as he did not open his mouth, as Mr. Rackstraw sourly reflected. And even in his speech, imperfect as it was, Tatters showed an improvement since Rackstraw had last seen him.

Probably, disliking the boy as he did, Rackstraw would have been glad to find him unimproved, an outcast in his school, displaying low tastes and low habits. That would have justified his dislike. But he had to admit that, considering his early training, there was a great deal of credit due to his Greyfriars cousin.

Mr. Rackstraw was specially interested in Tatters' story of how the tinker had recaptured him, and how Mr. Quelch had saved him from the hands of the ruffian. They strolled down to the gates while Tatters was

speaking and stopped by Rackstraw's car, which was still standing near the porter's lodge. Rackstraw indicated the car with a nod.

"I had an idea that you'd like a run out of gates," he remarked. "You'd like to come in the car for a couple of hours or so. I've got the time."

Tatters beamed.

"Wouldn't I just!" he said. "You see, the blokes I'm friendly with has gone over to Lantham for the football match, and I'm all on my own till they come back. But I'm gated, Cousin Cyril."

"What have you been doing, you young sweep?" asked Rackstraw, with a smile.

"Oh, I ain't been doing nothing!" said Tatters. "Only the 'Ead's told me to stick in the school, 'cause of that bloke Wilson. See?"

"I see. But you would be safe with me. I've no doubt your Form master would give permission for you to come out with me in the car," smiled Rackstraw. "I'll ask him if you like."

"I say, that would be prime!" said Tatters.

Tatters was beginning to feel that he liked Mr. Rackstraw.

They walked back to the House, and Mr. Rackstraw called on Mr. Quelch in his study. Tatters waited for him at the door. The young man rejoined him in a few minutes, with a nod and a smile.

Mr. Quelch, of course, had seen no objection to Tatters going for a motor run with his cousin. There was no reason why the boy should not go out, so long as he was under adequate protection. Mr. Quelch, indeed, had expressed himself as pleased by the suggestion, and added that, in his opinion, it was very kind of Mr. Rackstraw.

"All right?" asked Tatters eagerly.

"Yes. Come on!"

With a bright and cheery face Tatters trotted down to the car with his cousin.

Billy Bunter spotted them in the quad and rolled after them.

"I say, Cholmondeley, old fellow, I—"

"Oh, you 'ook it, Bunter!" said Tatters.

"The fact is, old chap, if you've got room for a fellow—"

"This 'ere car ain't a lorry!" answered Tatters cheerfully.

"Oh, really, Cholmondeley—"

Rackstraw looked round at Bunter. There was a quite unpleasant expression on his face.

"Friend of yours, Arthur?" he asked curtly.

"Oh, no," said Tatters; "jest a Remove bloke!"

"Well, cut off!" said Rackstraw to the Owl of the Remove.

Tatters did not want Bunter's company on that drive, and it seemed rather plain that Mr. Rackstraw quite objected to it.

Bunter blinked at him; then he blinked at Tatters.

"Look here, Cholmondeley, if you don't want my company—"

"You've 'it it!" assented Tatters. "I don't!"

"On second thoughts, I should hardly care to be seen with you," remarked Bunter. "I'm no snob, I hope, but I draw the line at tinkers!"

"You silly fat 'ead!" said Tatters.

Billy Bunter rolled away with a disdainful sniff. Tatters got into the car, and Rackstraw started the engine.

Hazeldene of the Remove came in as

the engine buzzed, and he paused to look.

"Hallo, Tatters! Going for a drive?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tatters. "Room for another bloke if you'd like to come. You wouldn't mind, Cousin Cyril?"

"What-ho!" said Hazel, and he made a step towards the car.

Either Mr. Rackstraw did not hear or he did not heed. The car shot out of the gateway, leaving Hazel standing and staring.

"'Ere, Cousin Cyril—" remonstrated Tatters.

Rackstraw glanced at him; but his foot was on the accelerator, and the little car was fairly whizzing down the road.

"What?" he asked.

"I thought we might take that covey for a drive," said Tatters. "He's been rather decent to me."

"Eh? Who?" Rackstraw looked round. "Sorry, kid; I was busy with the engine. But the fact is I'd rather not have any fellow along; I want to talk to you, you know. Sir George will expect a long account when I get back."

"Oh, orlight!" said Tatters. "Jest as you like! I say, we're getting along, Cousin Cyril. This 'ere is prime!"

The car turned out of the Courtfield road into a lane that led towards the high-road to Lantham. At a good distance from the school Rackstraw moderated his speed a little. Possibly he had wanted to avoid any chance of having to pick up schoolboy friends of his cousin.

"This 'ere is Seven Elms way," remarked Tatters, looking out of the window. "That's the medder over yonder, Cousin Cyril, where I was ketched by that brute Tinker Wilson last week."

Rackstraw glanced carelessly towards the meadow.

"The police never got that rascally tinker?" he remarked.

"Not yet," said Tatters. "I fancy he's cleared right off. Still, I shouldn't be surprised to see him agin some day. He's got it in for me, that tinker has. And, according to what he said when he had me, there's another bloke that put him up to it—"

"What? Who?"

"That I don't know," answered Tatters. "But when Wilson had me in the cottage he told me a bloke was coming in a car to take me away—bloke he called the 'guv'nor.' I told Mr. Quelch, and the police-inspector, too; but they never got the tinker, and so they never had a chance of finding out who the other man was."

Rackstraw's eyes seemed to narrow to pin-points as he looked at his cousin; his lips were set hard.

"And you've no idea who the 'other man' was?" he asked.

"No fear!" said Tatters. "I could 'ardly believe there was any bloke who had it in for me like the tinker said. Only, you see, it's pretty clear that there was somebody behind it. But who he is and what's his game I ain't the faintest idea. I dessay I'd have knowed if they'd got me away, like they was going to. But Mr. Quelch stopped that."

The car ran on, Tatters chatting cheerily, Rackstraw saying little. They were whizzing along the Lantham road now, on the borders of Lantham Chase. Rackstraw slowed and turned into an opening of the trees.

"Oh my eye!" said Tatters. "This 'ere is a bridle-path, Cyril; cars ain't allowed along 'ere."

(Continued on page 12.)

# "Half-Time" Gossip!



Hurry up, you footer fans, fire in your queries! "Old Ref" is never happier than when he's dealing with problems of interest to Soccer enthusiasts.

**S**HOULD a referee change his decision once he has given it? This is a question which comes to me this week from a Bury reader, and it is, I think, an interesting one. It was inspired by an incident in a recent game between Bury and Reading. Apparently the referee had an idea that certain things had happened which should not happen, and he ordered one of the Reading players off the field.

The Bury players—obviously very real sports these fellows—urged the referee to change his decision and to allow the Reading player to continue in the game. Possibly also the Bury players gave an explanation of the incident to the referee which put a different complexion on it. Anyway, the referee did change his decision, and allowed the player to continue.

Without going into the merits of this particular case, I must say that I have always a certain amount of admiration for a referee who, noting that he has made a mistake in giving a particular decision, has the courage to change it. It sometimes happens, by way of example, that a referee gives a player off-side and then suddenly discovers that there was a defender near to goal whom he had not noticed at the time the decision was given.

*In such circumstances the referee should certainly change his decision and acknowledge his mistake by throwing the ball down.*

I have never yet been present at a football match when a referee has got into trouble because he has changed a decision which was obviously wrong. The watchers of football realise that a referee is but human, and consequently liable to make a mistake because he can't see everything all the time.

On the other hand it is not good for a referee to make a habit of changing his decision, as actually that is the same as admitting that he is making a lot of mistakes. A type of referee I do not like is the one who consults a linesman after giving a decision over an incident which has happened much nearer to the referee than to the linesman. The linesmen are there to help the referee; to assist him at times over things which the referee himself has not seen. The linesmen are definitely not there merely to confirm the decisions of the referee concerning incidents of which the head official has a clear vision.

There is one point about this changing of decisions which should be borne in mind.

*Once the game has been restarted the decision of the referee must stand.*

Suppose a goal has been scored, and allowed, and the ball kicked off from the centre of the field. Afterwards a linesman says to the referee that the scorer was offside. The referee cannot then change his decision.

**H**ERE is another little problem which reaches me, and which was certainly a new one. Should a player be allowed to foul a member of his own side? When I first got that question I did some hard thinking, because I could not imagine circumstances under which any footballer would foul a member of his own side during the course of a match.

But the reader who raised the question said that he had recently seen this done, and the circumstances were somewhat unusual. A penalty kick was awarded a particular team, and a player of that team took the kick. In taking it he sent the ball against the cross-bar, whence it came back in the direction of the kicker. That player was preparing to have another shot at the ball when another member of his own side rushed up, pushed him in the back and right off the ball, and took the second kick at the ball himself.

*This second player realised that if the first player had played the ball again when it came back from the cross-bar he would have been penalised for playing the ball twice. So the second player dashed up and actually fouled his colleague.*

In such circumstances the referee could do nothing. If one player, in the interests of his team thinks it necessary to bowl over a member of his own side, then the affair is merely between the two players, and is no concern at all of the referee.

In regard to the particular incident as I have had it described to me I should like to pat the second player on the back for a bit of really quick thinking. Obviously he knew the rules, and had the brain to apply them smartly. That was why, by a deliberate foul on a colleague, he prevented him from breaking the rule. As a matter of fact, that match was actually won by the goal scored when the second player pushed the original taker of the penalty kick out of the way and scored himself.

**E**VERY week the newspapers which give details of the big football matches played, contain, for those who read between the lines, stories of real tragedy. Practically every Saturday during the season you will see in the newspapers that so-and-so "put through his own goal." A full-back, making an attempt to clear, sees the ball spin off his foot and past his own goalkeeper. Yes, there are occasions for tears, and I remember some tragic cases connected with big Cup-ties.

Tom Parker, the present captain of the Arsenal, then playing for Southampton, had one such tragic moment, in the semi-final for the Cup against Sheffield United in 1925. He turned a centre from an opponent past his own goalkeeper, and later in the game, when his side was awarded a penalty kick, Parker took it and failed to score.

*In a big Cup-tie against Aston Villa Tom Clay, the full-back of Tottenham Hotspur, scored the only goal of the game. Alas! it was a goal scored against his own side—quite accidentally, of course.*

These tragedies come in the life of even the best footballers, but if by such a mistake the match is lost, the player finds it difficult to forgive himself. I happen to know that after the particular game to which I have referred, Clay, as he was taking off his clothes in the dressing-room, was so upset that he declared he would never kick a football again as long as he lived. He didn't carry out his threat, of course, but the making of it shows how the unfortunate incident had got on his nerves.

**I** FIND that there is considerable difference of opinion as to when a player should be "debited" with scoring a goal against his own side, but I have my own code about this sort of thing which, I believe, is fair.

Suppose a hard shot is sent in towards the goalkeeper, and by a desperate effort he gets his hands to the ball but is unable to prevent it from going into the net, I should never agree that this was an occasion when a goalkeeper had scored against his own side, even though he was the last player to touch the ball. Or if a full-back, making a last effort to clear a difficult situation, just touched the ball but only helped it into the net, I should not say that he had scored against his own side.

When the ball is not going into the net, however, and a defender kicks it past his own goalkeeper, then I think it is right that he should be debited with scoring against his own side. In all the other cases the player who makes the shot should be credited with the goal.

"OLD REF."

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## "TATTERS" OF THE REMOVE!

(Continued from page 10.)

Rackstraw smiled.

"It's a short cut," he said. "There's a lot of traffic on the road outside Lantham; it's market day. We shall get through here in a few minutes."

"We going round by Lantham?" asked Tatters.

"Oh, yes!"

"That's where my friends are, this afternoon," said Tatters, "seeing a football match. I dessay it's over by this time, though."

The car ran swiftly on by the grassy path. Half a mile from the road, in the most solitary part of the bridle-path, Rackstraw drew to a halt. His eyes turned on Tatters for a moment, with a strange glitter in them.

"What are we stopping for?" asked Tatters.

"That confounded engine!" muttered Rackstraw.

He dropped from the car and opened the bonnet.

Tatters sat watching him as he tinkered with the engine.

The early winter dusk was settling on Lantham Chase. Under the thick, old oaks and beeches that walled in the path it was already dark.

Apparently the engine was giving serious trouble. Minute followed minute and Rackstraw was still tinkering with it. Tatters sat and waited.

Rackstraw glanced at him at last.

"I'm afraid we're stopped for a bit," he said. "I shall have to fix this. You can get out of the car and stretch your legs a bit. Don't go far away. I'll call you when the car's ready to go on."

"Right-ho!" said Tatters cheerfully.

He stepped from the car and strolled along the dusky path.

For several minutes he strolled up and down the path whistling, while Rackstraw continued to tinker with the engine.

The thought of possible danger did not cross the junior's mind for a moment.

He was not a dozen yards from the halted car, when there was a sudden rustle in the brushwood beside him. Tatters turned his head towards it, and had an instant's glimpse of a dark, bearded face and two small, close-set eyes that glinted at him in the shadows. The next moment, a clenched fist struck him down, and he fell headlong in the grass.

One cry left Tatters' lips as he fell.

If it reached the ears of the man by the car he did not heed it. A moment more and Tatters was dragged into the trees.

He made no resistance, uttered no sound; that cruel blow on the temple had stunned him, and Tatters lay like a log on the shoulder of Tinker Wilson as the ruffian bore him away into the wood.

### THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

#### More Haste Less Speed!

"JOLLY good game!" said Bob Cherry, as the chums of the Remove came out with the streaming crowd from the Ramblers' ground at Lantham.

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"Topping!" said Harry Wharton.

"The topfulness was terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But the buzzfulness off is the proper caper now, my esteemed chums, or we shall be late for absurd calling-over, and the execrable Quelch will be infuriated."

"We shall have to put it on," assented Bob. "Quelchy gave us leave to come over to Lantham, but he will expect us back for roll. And it gets dark early, so buckle up, my beloved 'earers."

The juniors hurried to reclaim their machines, mounted, and rode out of Lantham.

It was not yet lighting-up time, though it was likely to be before they reached Greyfriars.

The Remove master was taking roll that evening, and they did not want to be late. For one thing, it meant lines; for another, it might cause Quelch to refuse to give them leave out of bounds on another occasion. So they made their best speed.

They turned from the road into the bridle-path through Lantham Chase, in a merry bunch, all going strong.

It was deeply shadowy under the trees, and, as a matter of fact, the juniors would have been well advised not to cover the ground so quickly in that particular spot. But with calling-over

The juniors stared at the car. It was deeply dusky under the trees, but the car could be seen plainly enough, now that they were close to it.

It was the little dark blue car they had seen before, with Mr. Cyril Rackstraw standing beside it.

It was hardly to be supposed that Mr. Rackstraw had been on that spot all the time they had been at Lantham watching the League match, especially as he was supposed to be visiting Greyfriars that afternoon. But it was undoubtedly his car.

A point of crimson loomed in the shadows. It was the burning end of a cigar. A figure loomed up in the gloom. "What the dooce—" exclaimed a voice.

Dim as it was under the trees, the juniors recognised the man they had seen with the car that afternoon, Cyril Rackstraw. He stared at them angrily, taking the cigar from his mouth.

"You silly ass!" hooted Bob Cherry. Bob forgot for the moment that the man was Tatters' cousin. He was intensely exasperated by the crocking of his jigger.

"What's that?" snapped Rackstraw. "What the thump do you mean by blocking up the path with a car?" bawled Bob. "Why couldn't you put your lights on if you wanted to park your car on a bridle-path?"

Rackstraw's eyes glinted at him. He did not know the juniors, and was not aware that they were Greyfriars fellows, and he evidently had no politeness to waste on them.

"You clumsy young fool!" he snapped. "Why the thunder don't you look where you are going? You might have damaged my car!"

"Blow your silly car!" roared Bob. "You've jolly well damaged my bike, blocking up the path like an idiot!"

"Serve you right, you young fool!" snapped Rackstraw. "You might have knocked anybody down, coming along the path at that rate."

"Well, that's so," said Harry Wharton. "We're in rather a hurry. But you ought not to have a car on this path at all."

"I should jolly well think not!" hooted Bob.

"I think bicycles are not allowed on a bridle-path, either," said Rackstraw. "Anyhow, you should look where you are going. Your own fault entirely."

"You might have put your lights on, at least," said Nugent.

"It's not lighting-up time yet," answered Rackstraw, "and I didn't notice any lights on your bicycles."

"Well, it's no good talking, anyhow," grunted Johnny Bull. "How's your jigger, Bob?"

"Crooked!" growled Bob. "And it's the fault of that silly ass for blocking up the path with a car."

"You are an impudent young rascal!" said Rackstraw, and with that he turned away and strolled up the path.

"The silly chump!" hissed Bob. He had dragged up his bicycle and was examining it with wrathful eyes. "Look at it! The jolly old wheel—buckled out of shape—I can't ride it again."

"Oh crikey!" "For goodness' sake, knock it into shape somehow," said Harry. "We're eight miles from home, and miles from

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at the school in their minds, they were in haste.

It proved to be a case of more haste and less speed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" yelled Bob Cherry suddenly, jamming on his brakes; but he jammed them too late.

Crash!

"Oh, my hat!"

"Look out!"

"Oh, thump!"

Bob was in the lead, and he had crashed into a dark blue car that was halted in the shadowy path. His comrades behind him braked in time, and stopped, though a couple of them sprawled with their machines.

Bob had braked too late to prevent a collision, but fortunately in time to prevent a serious smash.

But the smash was serious enough. Bob was not hurt, save for a bump on the grassy path as he fell, but his front wheel was badly buckled.

Robert Cherry scrambled to his feet red with wrath, his chums clattering and clanging to a halt round him.

"What silly idiot's parked a car here without lights?" roared Bob at the top of his voice. "The silly ass! The howling chump!"

"Gently does it, old bean!" gasped Wharton.

"The frumptions fathead!" bawled Bob. "My jigger's crooked now! What silly, burbling chump—"

"My esteemed Bob!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Why, if it isn't that same dashed car we passed this afternoon!" exclaimed Bob. "My only hat!"

a railway station. If we have to walk back—"

"You needn't walk!" grunted Bob. "I shall have to—but you fellows can get off as soon as you like."

"Fathead!" said the captain of the Remove. "Sink or swim together. If you walk, we walk."

"The walkfulness is the proper caper if the esteemed Bob proceeds legfully," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Well, I shall have to proceed legfully, old black nut," he said. "In fact, the legfulness will be terrific, not to say preposterous."

"Is the blessed jigger really crooked?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Look at it, fathead!"

The juniors looked at the machine. That it was hopelessly crooked admitted of no doubt, no possible probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever. The front wheel was as much like a concertina as a wheel. By punching it and twisting it, Bob induced it to go round to the extent of making it possible to wheel the bike along. But riding the machine was obviously out of the question.

"Well, it can't be helped," said Harry. "After all, we were rather fatheads to buzz along like that on a dark path. Might have run into that chap instead of his car—"

"I jolly well wish we had!" growled Bob. "I'd rather have damaged him than my bike."

"Well, we've got to walk, and the sooner the quicker. We shall be frightfully late for call-over, anyhow."

"The esteemed Quelchy will be terrifically infuriated," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur. "Buck up, my worthy chums. A stitch in time saves the cracked pitcher from a bird in the bush, as the English proverb says."

Bob Cherry chuckled, his good humour a little restored by the English proverb. There was, as Wharton said, no help for it; Bob Cherry had to walk and wheeled his bike; and the other fellows did not think for a moment of leaving him to it. With the Famous Five, it was always a maxim to sink or swim together.

"Come on!" said Harry.

"Look here, you men, no need for you to get into a row with Quelchy, too," said Bob. "You buzz off—"

"Rats!"

"The ratfulness is terrific."

"Put it on," said Johnny Bull, and the juniors proceeded on foot, to the accompaniment of a more or less musical clinking and clanking from the crooked machine.

They passed the car, and the shadowy figure of Mr. Rackstraw, and the crimson end of his cigar. Tramping at a good rate, they wheeled on under the dusky trees.



"Tinker Wilson!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Collar the rotter!" Heedless of the lashing whip he hung on to the horse's head, while his chums clambered on to the cart to grapple with the rufflan.

"What the thump is that man hanging about here for with his blessed car?" growled Bob. "He can't have been here all the afternoon, surely."

"Not if he called on Tatters at the school," said Harry. "He must have come back here after going to the school, I suppose. He seems to have taken a fancy to Lantham Chase."

"The silly ass! I wish I'd punched his nose now."

"Fathead! Punching his nose won't mend your bike. Besides, as a matter of fact, we were very nearly as much to blame as he was."

"Oh, rats!"

"Anyhow, as he's Tatters' cousin, we didn't want a row with him," said Nugent. "It's jolly queer, his sticking in the wood like this with his dashed car; but I suppose he knows his own business best. Look here, we may get a lift when we get on the road. There's sometimes farmers' carts going home from Lantham to Courtfield on market day."

"Good!" said Bob, brightening up. "If I could get a lift with this crock, you fellows could ride, and we might get back in time for roll after all."

And the juniors tramped on with their machines, and came out at last into the open road—with keen eyes open for a cart. It was probable that many empty carts would be leaving Lantham after the market was closed; and a lift was always to be had for a small tip.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! We're in luck!" exclaimed Bob. They wheeled out of the bridle-path, and pushed the machines along the road bordering the wood; and only a few minutes later, a cart pulled out of an opening of the shadowy wood ahead of them.

The dusk was deep by this time; but they made out the figure of a man driving the horse; and the cart behind him, as far as they could see, was empty. And the juniors, in the hope of getting

a lift for Bob and his crooked jigger, hurried on at a run, and quickly overtook the cart.

"Hold on, my man!" called out Harry Wharton, peering up in the shadows at a bearded face under a pulled-down hat. "If you're going Courtfield way, will you give one of us a lift?"

"I ain't going Courtfield way, and I ain't giving nobody a lift," answered a surly voice. "Get out of the way!"

Harry Wharton jumped almost clear of the ground. Well he knew that surly, insolent voice. The man who was driving the cart was Tinker Wilson.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### The Capture of the Tinker I

"TINKER WILSON!"

Harry Wharton gasped out the name.

"The tinker!" exclaimed

Bob Cherry.

"The esteemed and execrable tinker!"

All the Famous Five knew the man at once. Amazed as they were by the unexpected encounter, they had no doubt—they knew that the man in the cart was Tinker Wilson, the ruffianly enemy of Tatters.

There was a sharp, angry oath from the man in the cart. He stared savagely down at the juniors. In the thick dusk he could not recognise them; but doubtless he knew their voices, and guessed who they were. The whip was in his right hand, and he raised it and slashed at Wharton, as the captain of the Remove grabbed at the horse's head.

"Stop him!" Wharton was shouting, when the lash of the whip came across his shoulders, and he gave a yell of pain.

(Continued on page 16.)

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# TATTERS OF THE REMOVE.



(Continued from page 13.)

"Collar him!" roared Bob.

"Bag him!"

There was only one thought in the minds of the Famous Five, as soon as they knew that they had come on the tinker, and that was to collar him. The ruffian who had dogged poor Tatters, who had kidnapped him on the day of the paper-chase, who was the ruthless enemy of the boy he had ill-used, was wanted by the police. And his coming back to a neighbourhood where the police were looking for him, could have only one explanation—he was there to work further harm to Tatters. And the Famous Five meant to collar the ruffian while they had the unexpected chance.

Wharton hung on to the horse's head, heedless of the lashing whip. Tinker Wilson lashed savagely at him, and at the horse, striving to drive the animal to a gallop. It was a light, two-wheeled cart he was driving, and the horse was a powerful animal. With utter recklessness of the damage he might do, the tinker lashed round him with the heavy whip.

But he had to deal with determined fellows, and the odds were against him. Five bicycles were allowed to run whither they would, as the Greyfriars fellows piled at the cart.

Bob Cherry clambered up one side, Johnny Bull up the other. Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh clambered over the tailboard. Wharton hung grimly on to the horse's head, dragged along by the animal as it strove to get going under the tinker's lashes.

Dragged, and shaken, and bruised, and scored by the whip, Wharton hung on, with grim resolution. And the tinker had to cease lashing at the horse, as four juniors scrambled into the cart.

With a fierce oath Tinker Wilson shortened his arm, and struck at Bob with the butt of the whip. Bob caught the blow on his arm, but it sent him toppling off the cart, and he bumped in the road.

But at the same moment, Johnny Bull was up on the other side; and as the tinker turned from Bob, Johnny's clenched fist came dashing into the scowling, bearded face. Johnny Bull put all his strength into that drive, and the tinker gasped and reeled sideways. The reins dropped from his hand, over the heaving back of the horse. But the whip was in his right, and he aimed a furious blow with it at Johnny Bull's head.

But a pair of dusky hands grasped his collar from behind, and he was dragged back, and the blow missed Johnny Bull.

Spitting out furious words, the ruffian struggled, and succeeded in pitching out of the cart the juniors clinging to him and scrambling down into the road.

They sprawled together, struggling; and Bob Cherry piled in, four pairs of hands now clutching at the struggling tinker.

the uproar, was trying to bolt; and Harry Wharton had all his work cut out to hold him. He had to leave the tinker to his comrades. But they were quite sufficient to handle Tinker Wilson, sinewy as he was.

Wharton succeeded in dragging the horse to a halt at last, and tied the reins to a fence at the roadside. Then he ran back to help his chums.

They hardly needed his help. Tinker Wilson, sprawling in the road, was still struggling, but the four juniors held him fast. He was on his back now, and Johnny Bull's knee was planted on his chest.

A stream of lurid words came in gasping tones from the tinker. He struggled frantically. He was thinking now only of escape; only of getting loose from grasping hands, and bolting into the falling darkness. But there was no escape for him.

"Got him?" panted Wharton.

"We've got the brute!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

The tinker still struggled, and Wharton lent his aid to secure the ruffian. All the juniors had received damages in the fierce struggle, though they did not heed them in the excitement. But the tinker was certainly getting the lion's share of the damages.

"Chuck it, you rotter!" panted Bob. "We've got you, you silly ass! Chuck it, I tell you!"

The tinker still cursed and struggled. Bob Cherry grasped his ears, and banged his head on the road.

"Now, then, you silly ass——"

There was an ear-splitting yell from the tinker.

Bang!

"Ooooooh! Stow it!" howled Tinker Wilson. "I give in! Ow!"

And the ruffian's struggles ceased at last.

"Hold him!" panted Wharton. "We've got the brute now! Hold him while I get something to tie his paws!"

"Buck up, old bean!"

Wharton tore off the tinker's muffler. The ruffian's hands were dragged together, and the muffler bound tightly about his wrists. Then Wilson was allowed to stagger to his feet. His hands were secure, and he was helpless to renew the struggle; but the juniors held him, in case of an attempt to bolt. The tinker panted breathlessly.

Bob Cherry grinned as he picked up a beard from the road, and held it up. It had become detached from the tinker's stubbly chin in the struggle.

Even in the deep dusk it was easy to recognise the well-known brutal face, now that the disguise was removed.

"Oh, what a little bit of luck!" chortled Bob. "Fancy dropping on the jolly old tinker like this!"

"The luckfulness is terrific!"

"It's the man we passed in Lantham Chase this afternoon," said Harry. "I fancied I knew him, even in his new beard. He seems to have bagged a horse and cart from somewhere since then—stolen, most likely."

"More likely he'd got it ready for poor old Tatters," said Johnny Bull. "He got Tatters away last time in his tinker's hand-cart. And I dare say this jolly old cart was meant for Tatters."

"Most likely," agreed Wharton. "He's a good step from the school here. And Tatters is gated. But there's no doubt that the brute was here after old Tatters, all the same."

"No doubt at all. But he will be out of harm's way for some time to come now," chuckled Bob. "Lucky, after all, that I crooked my bike on that car in

Lantham Chase. If we hadn't been walking, we shouldn't have got in touch with this beauty."

"We've got him now."

"What-ho!"

The juniors were breathless, bruised, and bumped. But they were feeling extremely pleased with themselves and things generally. Tinker Wilson was a dangerous character, wanted by the police. But that was not all. Once he was safe under lock and key Tatters would be secure from him, and that was the consideration that weighed most with the juniors.

"Look 'ere, young gents," gasped the tinker, "I ain't doing any 'arm 'ere! I ain't arter Tatters, and you can lay to that. You let a bloke go."

"Likely!" chuckled Nugent.

"The likeliness is not terrific, my esteemed and disgusting tinker!" chortled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Burn my body and boots! I tell yer——"

"That's enough, you rascal!" snapped Wharton. "You were here after Tatters, that's certain. You couldn't let the poor kid alone, you brute! You're going to the police station now."

"We'll shove him in the cart with my jigger," said Bob. "I'll drive, and you fellows can bike. We shall be late for roll, but I fancy Quelchey will pat us on the back when he hears about this. Come on!"

In the grasp of the juniors Tinker Wilson was marched along to the halted cart. Bob scrambled into the cart. In one corner of it was a heap of sacking, apparently the only thing that the cart contained.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!" yelled Bob.

"What——"

"There's something here—something alive!" gasped Bob, staring at the heap of sacking. It was heaving, as if some animal underneath was struggling to get loose. "He's got a dog or something here—stolen, I suppose. I'll jolly soon see!"

Bob dragged the heap of sacking aside. Then he gave a yell of utter amazement.

"Tatters!"

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Rescue!

TATTERS blinked up at Bob Cherry.

He did not speak; he could not. A gag was fastened in his mouth. His arms were secured to his sides, with a rope wound round and round him and knotted, and his legs were fastened in the same way. He had long since recovered consciousness, but he was unable to move a finger. All he could do was to wriggle spasmodically under the sacking that hid him from sight.

Bob stared at him like a fellow in a dream.

The white, haggard face staring up at him from the bottom of the cart was dim in the dusk, but Bob knew it at once.

"Tatters!"

"What!" roared Wharton.

"Tatters!" babbled Bob. "He's here! That brute had got him! Got him here! He's here! Look!"

"My only hat!"

"Tatters!"

"Tatters, old man!"

Bob dropped on his knees beside the prisoner. He whipped out his pocket-knife and opened it, and cut through the cord that fastened the gag in the

boy's mouth. Tatters gasped and spluttered.

"Tatters, old man! Tatters, old bean!" gasped Bob. "How the thump did he get you? I thought you were safe at the school. Half a tick, and I'll have you loose!"

The knife sawed through the ropes. "Oh, bust my buttons!" gasped Tatters. "Oh, I say, this 'ere is prime, you blokes! Oh, my 'at! Ain't I glad to see you coveys—just!"

"The gladfulness of our esteemed selves is terrific, my ridiculous Tatters!" "Simply terrific!" chuckled Bob.

Tatters sat up, his ropes in fragments round him. He grinned at the amazed juniors. Harry Wharton & Co. stared at Tatters as if they could scarcely believe the evidence of their eyes.

That the tinker was in the vicinity to make another attempt to get hold of Tatters they had had no doubt. But that he had succeeded in getting hold of him they had never dreamed for a moment. Not for a moment had it crossed their minds that he was not still safe at Greyfriars School.

"This is like a blessed dream!" said Nugent. "How on earth did you get here, Tatters?"

"That brute collared me in the wood," said Tatters, passing a hand over an aching bruise on his temple. "He knocked me silly, and got me. I was jest sent to sleep, I was, and when I woke up I was tied up like this 'ere, with my mouth bunged up, and he was putting me in this 'ere cart. He had the cart all ready in the wood, the brute!"

"But what the thump were you doing in the wood?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You're supposed to be gated at the school."

"Breaking bounds, you young ass?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No fear!" said Tatters. "You see, I went for a motor drive with my Cousin Cyril!"

"Great pip!"

Harry Wharton & Co. fairly jumped. Tatters' Cousin Cyril was less than half a mile away where the juniors had left him, strolling round the halted car on the bridle-path, smoking his cigar. If Tatters had been with Mr. Rackstraw, it was more amazing than ever to find him in the hands of Tinker Wilson.

"You were with Mr. Rackstraw?" exclaimed Harry.

"Yes. He took me for a drive!"

"But Mr. Rackstraw didn't let that scoundrel bag you, surely?" exclaimed Bob Cherry blankly.

"It wasn't his fault," said Tatters. "You see, there was trouble with the blooming engine, and Cyril had to see to it, and I got out of the car and strolled about while he was a-doing of it. Then the tinker jumped on me all of a sudden, and knocked me silly, and got me."

The juniors stared at Tatters, and at one another.

"You couldn't have been far from Mr. Rackstraw," said Harry.

"No; but it was getting dusky, you see. He couldn't have seen me, or, of course, he'd have come—"

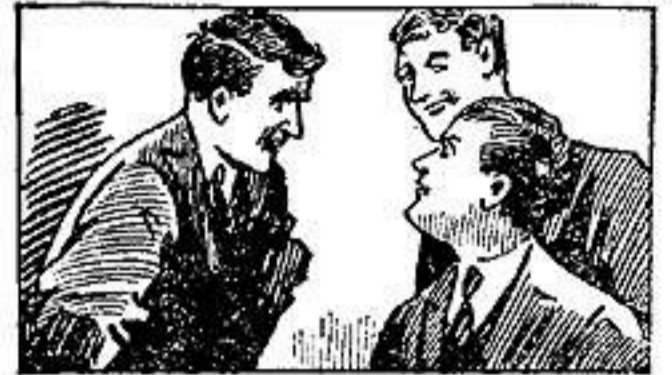
"Didn't you call out?"

"I believe I give one yelp," said Tatters. "But I can't be sure. You see, the tinker knocked me out to keep me quiet, the beast!"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances. That Mr. Rackstraw had been careless with the boy who was in his charge was obvious. But more than that leaped into the minds of the juniors. They knew—what Tatters did not know—that Rackstraw had been in

the wood early in the afternoon before he went to Greyfriars—at the very time when the tinker had passed them on the bridle-path. They knew that Rackstraw was even now idling on the bridle-path

**SPILL A GREYFRIARS  
LIMERICK  
AND WIN A WALLET**  
like James Chandler, of 5, Church Crescent, Swillington, nr. Leeds, who submitted the following winning effort which our artist has illustrated:



SAID SKINNER TO SNOOPEY & STOTT:



"FOR WHARTON I CARE NOT A JOT.



AS FOR CHERRY AND BULL



THEIR NOSES I'LL PULL."



SNOOP GRINNED & CHIMED IN: "BETTER NOT!"

More prizes waiting to be won,  
and it's up to you to win one!  
(Turn to page 12.)

smoking a cigar, while Tatters was in the hands of his old enemy. Why was he not searching for Tatters?

"I'll bet Cousin Cyril is in an awful way now," went on Tatters, unconscious of what was passing through the minds of the juniors. "He never see the tinker get 'old of me, of course; but what'll he think about me disappearing like that? I s'pose he's hunting for me through the woods, or p'r'aps gone to the police. He'll be fair worried!"

"My hat!" murmured Wharton.

That Rackstraw was not hunting through Lantham Chase, that he had not gone to the police, the juniors knew. He had taken the boy out for a motor run, knowing that he was in danger of kidnapping.

At least half an hour ago, probably longer ago than that, Tatters had disappeared in the wood, and Rackstraw had taken no alarm—was making no effort to find him—was idling on the bridle-path as if nothing had happened. What did it mean? What could it mean?

Bob Cherry whistled softly.

"I s'pose we got to get to the school," went on Tatters. "But I wish we could see Cousin Cyril first; he must be awful worried!"

The juniors knew exactly how much Mr. Rackstraw was "worried," as Tatters expressed it.

"Well, we've got to get this brute to the station," said Harry. "Mr. Rackstraw will keep, old scout. Stick the brute in the cart, you men!"

Tinker Wilson, in sullen silence, was dragged into the cart. Some of the rope that had been cut from Tatters was knotted about his wrists and ankles, to make sure of him. The juniors were running no risks of losing their prisoner.

"Well, the blooming tables are turned now, and no error!" grinned Tatters. "Your turn now, Tinker!"

A savage scowl was the tinker's only answer.

"That scoundrel wasn't alone in this," said Harry Wharton quietly. "We knew already that there was somebody else behind it—somebody who's got a down on Tatters."

"And I fancy I guess who it is now," murmured Bob.

"It looks like it!" Wharton looked hard at the sullen tinker. "Wilson, you rascal, how did you know Tatters would be in Lantham Chase this afternoon?"

"Find out!" grunted the tinker.

"Was it fixed up for you to collar him there? Was he brought there on purpose?"

"Find out!"

"The police will get it out of the brute!" said Nugent. "He will talk fast enough when he goes for trial!"

The tinker grinned derisively.

"Wot you got agin me?" he jeered. "This 'ere ain't kidnapping! I got arter Tatters 'cause he was my boy, and he run away. I was jest going to make him a tinker's boy agin! You can't get a bloke more'n six months for that!"

"That's a lie!" said Harry. "You were put up to it by somebody else. You admitted that to Tatters last time you had him."

"Jest my talk," said the tinker. "There ain't nobody else; and if there was, think I'd give him away? I shan't be in the stone jug more'n six months over this 'ere job, and I shall want a friend when I come out. You ain't getting nothing out of me, and you can lay to that!"

"Well, I dare say the rascal will be shown up without your help," said Harry. "I've got a pretty clear idea, anyhow."

"Look 'ere, sir!" exclaimed Tatters, with wide-open eyes. "You don't mean—"

He stared at the captain of the Remove.

"Never mind now, Tatters," said Harry. "Let's get on; we've got to get this brute to a safe place!"

Bob had lifted his bike into the cart. He sat in the driver's seat and took the reins. Tatters sat beside him. The lamps were lighted now; the winter darkness was thick.

Four juniors mounted their bicycles and rode after the cart as Bob drove on the horse. Tinker Wilson, lying on the sacking in the cart, consoled himself with muttered oaths. Bob kept the horse at a steady trot, the cyclists keeping pace behind.

It was a long distance to Courtfield; but the juniors arrived there at last. They halted outside the police station; where Tinker Wilson was handed over to an astonished Inspector Grimes.

Harry Wharton & Co. were glad enough to see the ruffian safe in the hands of the police at last.

Then Bob Cherry's crooked machine was left at a cycle-shop for repair, and a couple of machines were borrowed for Bob and Tatters. The six juniors pedalled away for Greyfriars—rather wondering what sort of a reception they would get from Mr. Quelch. They were not only late for call-over; but it was now close on bed-time for the Remove.

It was exceedingly probable that by this time, Mr. Quelch was in a royal wax. But the Famous Five did not feel very uneasy; they had a peace-offering, as it were, in the shape of the rescued Tatters.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Something Like a Wax!

**B** UZZZZ!  
Mr. Quelch almost jumped to the telephone.

There was no doubt that the Remove master was in a royal wax. But he was feeling as anxious as he was angry.

Six members of his Form had failed to answer to their names at call-over. That was very unusual; and it had brought a grim frown to the brow of Henry Samuel Quelch.

Cholmondeley, of course, should have returned from his motor drive in time for roll-call. Still, as he was with his cousin—Mr. Rackstraw—Mr. Quelch did not feel anxious about him, only annoyed. He was still more annoyed by the absence of the Famous Five.

Those cheery youths had been given leave to ride over to Lantham to see the football match there; but certainly had not been given leave from call-over. Mr. Quelch intended to give them a hundred lines each when they came in. When a whole hour had elapsed and they had not appeared, he decided on two hundred lines.

But the lapse of another hour banished impositions from Mr. Quelch's mind. Impositions would not meet the case.

He selected a stout cane, and laid it on his study table in readiness for the delinquents. And still they did not come.

At nine o'clock Mr. Quelch's wrath was tinged by anxiety. It really seemed that some accident must have happened to the five Removites; it was scarcely possible to account for their continued absence otherwise.

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The absence of Tatters was less alarming, as he was in the care of a relative, and probably some breakdown of the engine on a lonely road accounted for the delay. Still, Mr. Quelch could not feel easy in his mind.

It was a relief to him when the telephone bell rang. Doubtless it was a call from Mr. Rackstraw to explain why he had not returned with Cholmondeley. Mr. Quelch grabbed the receiver from the hooks.

"Hallo!"  
"Is that Mr. Quelch?"  
"Mr. Quelch speaking! Who—"  
"Rackstraw! I'm speaking from Lantham. Has Arthur returned to the school?"

Mr. Quelch almost dropped the receiver.

"What?" he barked.  
"Has my Cousin Arthur—Arthur Cholmondeley—returned to the school?"

"Certainly not!"  
"Good gad!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Rackstraw?" exclaimed the Remove master. "I fail to understand you. Cholmondeley left the school in your car—in your charge—you are responsible for him! What can you mean? I cannot believe that, knowing all the circumstances, you trusted the boy out of your sight!"

"No, no! But—"  
"Is Cholmondeley with you now?" almost shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"Unfortunately, he is not—"  
"Where is he?"  
"I cannot say."

"Upon my word! Mr. Rackstraw, do you know what you are saying? You are aware, from what has happened before, and from what I told you, that the boy is in danger from kidnappers. He was gated by the Head for that very reason. I trusted him in your care! Now you tell me—"

Mr. Quelch almost choked.

"Please listen to me, sir! I cannot understand the boy's actions at all. I was hung up on a path in Lantham Chase by engine trouble. Arthur alighted from the car to walk about while I was attending to my engine. I told him very strictly not to go out of my sight."

"Well?" rasped Mr. Quelch.  
"I was busy with the engine for some little time. When it was ready I called to Arthur, supposing him to be close at hand. To my surprise—my consternation—he did not answer. I looked for him, but he was gone."

"Gone!"  
"He must have walked away, for what reason I cannot imagine. I spent a considerable time searching for him and calling to him; but I could see nothing of him, and I had to give it up at last. Why he should have acted as he did I cannot guess, but he left me with the car and cleared off. If he has not returned to Greyfriars—"

"He has not."  
"Then I greatly fear, sir, that some mischance may have happened to him. Why the foolish boy wandered away I cannot understand—"

"He was in your charge, Mr. Rackstraw!" barked the Remove master. "You should have seen that he did not wander away."

"I feel that, sir; as you may imagine I am very much distressed. But I had, of course, not the faintest idea that the boy would be so reckless—so foolish—as to wander away from me while I was attending to the engine—"

"And why, sir, have you left it till this late hour before communicating with me?" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"I have been searching for the boy,

Mr. Quelch almost choked.

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Mr. Quelch almost choked.



His first feeling was pure relief. But it was swiftly followed by wrath. Mr. Quelch's eyes glinted at the party.

"So you have returned?" he thundered.

"Yes, sir," said Harry. "We—"

"How dare you, Wharton!"

"We—we—we—"

"You have missed calling over; you have returned after nine o'clock, and—"

"We—we're sorry, sir! But—"

"Bend over that chair!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "You first, Wharton! Each of you will receive six strokes! Bend over that chair!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry involuntarily.

Undoubtedly Mr. Quelch was in a royal wax. All his anxiety had been transmuted into anger, and his wrath was terrific. Obviously, he was not in a mood to listen to explanations.

"Do you hear me, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Harry. "But—"

"Bend over that chair!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"B-b-b-but, sir—"

"BEND OVER!"

Buzzzzzz!

It was the telephone again.

Mr. Quelch gave a loud snort as he threw the cane on the table and grabbed up the receiver.



With Carne hard on his heels Bob Cherry dashed out into the passage, avoiding a collision with Mr. Quelch by the skin of his teeth. The infuriated Carne, however, was not so lucky. Crash! "Ow! Sorry, sir!" he gasped.

"It's the man, sir—Tinker Wilson, as he calls himself," said the inspector. "Identified beyond doubt. He will, of course, come before the magistrates on the charge of kidnapping, and the evidence of the boys will then be wanted. Fine young fellows, sir—very plucky, what? Well, good-night, sir!"

And the inspector rang off. It was evident that Mr. Grimes was in a mood of very considerable satisfaction, and for some reason unknown to Mr. Quelch, very pleased with Harry Wharton & Co.

Mr. Quelch turned from the telephone, looking like a man in a dream. He fixed his eyes on the group of juniors.

"Wharton!" This time he did not tell the captain of the Remove to bend over. "Wharton! Kindly tell me at once what has occurred! Have you been with Inspector Grimes?"

"We called at the police station in Courtfield, sir—"

"For what reason?"

"To hand over Tinker Wilson, sir."

Mr. Quelch jumped. "What? What? You—you mean to say that that—that ruffian has fallen into your hands, and is now under arrest?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

There was a long pause. The expression on Mr. Quelch's august countenance was rather extraordinary. Harry Wharton & Co., reassured now, waited for him to speak. They suppressed a desire to smile. Their respected Form master was evidently realising that he had been a little hasty.

"H'm!" said Mr. Quelch at last.

Mr. Quelch was feeling rather glad that Inspector Grimes' telephone call had interrupted him. That feeling was fully shared by the chums of the Remove. The inspector's cheery call

had undoubtedly prevented a very painful episode—for which Mr. Quelch would probably have been sorry, and the juniors undoubtedly very sorry indeed.

"H'm!" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"Wharton, tell me what has occurred!"

Mr. Quelch sat down—pushing the cane away from him. Obviously the cane was not going to be featured in this scene, after all.

Wharton proceeded to give a full account, his chums aiding him with a few remarks here and there. Mr. Quelch listened quietly. All his wrath had evaporated now.

His expression grew grim; but the grimness was not on account of the juniors. And he nodded with satisfaction when Wharton related how Tinker Wilson had been handed over to the police.

"My boys," he said at last. "You acted somewhat recklessly in dealing with this ruffian—but as it proves that Cholmondeley was a prisoner in the cart, it was most fortunate—most fortunate indeed. You are, of course, excused for coming in so late—I realise that you are not to blame. Of—of course, I had no idea of all this when you came in." Mr. Quelch coughed. "Inspector Grimes has said that you have acted very creditably and I can only endorse his words."

"Thank you, sir!" murmured the juniors.

"Cholmondeley, you must go to the house-dame and she will do something for that bruise on your forehead. But I must point out to you, my boy, that you would never have incurred this danger had you not foolishly wandered away from Mr. Rackstraw in the wood—"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Mr. Quelch!

INSPECTOR GRIMES speaking—

"Yes, yes!"

"From Courtfield police station—"

"Yes, yes!"

"I thought I would give you a ring, sir, in the circumstances—"

"Eh?"

"To congratulate you, sir, on the conduct of your boys—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Wharton and his friends—"

"Eh?"

"Splendid young fellows, sir!" said the inspector. "What? What?"

Mr. Quelch gurgled.

"Of course, the odds were on their side; but the man was a hefty brute—a dangerous character," said Mr. Grimes. "Splendid pluck, sir! I have no doubt you are proud of your boys!"

Gasp from Mr. Quelch.

"No doubt the boys have now reached the school, sir, and have acquainted you with what they have done. Very creditable, sir—very creditable indeed! There is no doubt about the man's identity. I thought I would assure you on that point. It is the same man."

Mr. Quelch could only gasp. What the Courtfield inspector was driving at was a mystery to him.

"Ob, sir!" ejaculated Tatters. He stared quite blankly at the Remove master.

"I am afraid, Cholmondeley, that you acted very thoughtlessly. You were given leave to drive with Mr. Rackstraw, on the clearest possible understanding that you remained with him all the time you were outside the school gates."

"But I did, sir!" gasped Tatters.

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows.

"The man Wilson would never have been able to seize upon you, my boy, had you remained close by Mr. Rackstraw while he was attending to the car."

"But I was close to him, sir!" exclaimed Tatters. "I might 'ave been a dozen yards away, walkin' up and down the path, sir—not more'n that. I was jolly careful not to go into the wood, sir."

"Take care what you say, Cholmondeley! Do you mean to tell me seriously that you were not more than a dozen yards from Mr. Rackstraw when you were seized?"

"Yes, sir, not more'n that."

"You were on the path, not in the wood?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was not yet dark?"

"Gettin' dusk, sir."

"If what you state is correct, Cholmondeley, how could you have been seized by Wilson without Mr. Rackstraw observing it?"

"I been wondering myself, sir," answered Tatters simply. "But I s'pose he had his nose stuck in the engine, sir, and wasn't looking round."

Mr. Quelch gave the junior a keen, penetrating look. The chums of the Remove saw him set his lips.

"Did you not call out, Cholmondeley, when you were struck?"

"I believe I give one yell, sir," said Tatters. "I'm sure I did—but I was knocked silly, you see—"

"At so near a distance the slightest cry should have reached Mr. Rackstraw and given him the alarm."

"I s'pose he was busy with the engine, sir," said Tatters.

"I hardly understand this, Cholmondeley. I think you must have wandered farther than you think. Mr. Rackstraw has telephoned me from Lantham and his impression was that you wandered away in the wood. You have, of course, caused him great anxiety; he searched Lantham Chase for you, before going to the police at Lantham."

"He searched Lantham Chase, sir?" ejaculated Wharton.

"He has said so, Wharton! However, I need deal with this no further now," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go, my boys."

The juniors left the study. But Harry Wharton lingered at the door; and after hesitating a moment or two—under a surprised stare from his Form master—closed the door after his chums and turned back towards Mr. Quelch.

"What is it, Wharton?" asked the Remove master.

"There's something I think I'd better tell you, sir," said Harry. "I haven't talked it over with my friends yet; but I'm sure they've got the same thing in their minds. I believe Tatters—I mean Cholmondeley—was trapped to-day in Lantham Chase."

"Trapped?" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"I know it sounds an awful thing, sir," said Wharton, colouring. "But I can't help thinking that Mr. Rackstraw had a hand in it."

The Remove master started. His eyes glinted curiously at the captain of the Remove. And in that moment, it struck Wharton that some vague suspicion was floating in Mr. Quelch's own mind.

"This is a very extraordinary statement, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch gravely. "What grounds can you possibly have—"

"That brute Wilson was on the spot, sir! He had a horse and cart hidden in the wood all ready. How could he have known that Cholmondeley would be going there—a lonely place eight miles from the school? But that's not all. When we went over to Lantham this afternoon, Mr. Rackstraw was on that very path in Lantham Chase waiting with his car. We passed him there!"

Of course, he doesn't know us—but we knew him. Well, sir, a few minutes after passing him we saw a man coming up the path—the man who turned out afterwards to be Tinker Wilson—going straight towards the place where Mr. Rackstraw was waiting with his car."

"You are sure of this, Wharton?"

"Quite sure of it, sir. And—you said, sir, that Mr. Rackstraw told you on the phone that he had been searching the wood for Tatters—"

"He told me so, certainly."

"Well, sir, we've told you how Bob crooked his bike on the car, coming back from Lantham. Mr. Rackstraw was with the car. He was strolling about the path, smoking a cigar! That was long after Tatters had been taken—at least half an hour afterwards, so far as I can make out. He certainly wasn't searching for Tatters. We didn't know, then, of course, that Tatters had been with him at all. But if we'd known we should have jolly well wondered why he wasn't looking for the kid. And he certainly was not."

Mr. Quelch sat silent, his eyes on Wharton's earnest face.

"I don't know whether I ought to say this, sir," said Harry, flushing. "But—it's known that there's some man behind Tinker Wilson in this kidnapping stunt—and—and—and it looks to me—" He paused. "I know it sounds horrid, sir, as Mr. Rackstraw is his cousin! But—but I'm thinking of Tatters' safety, sir. The tinker is in prison now—but the other man—whoever he is—is still loose—and—and if it is Mr. Rackstraw—"

"I understand you, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "In the strange circumstances I cannot blame you for allowing this suspicion to enter your mind. I need hardly caution you not to talk of it in the school."

"Of course not, sir! I—I felt bound to mention it to you, sir, as—as it looks—and—and if Tatters is in danger from him—"

"Quite so! Say no more, my boy, and keep your own counsel," said Mr. Quelch. "Probably Mr. Rackstraw may be able to give some explanation of the—the circumstances that now look a little odd. You may go, Wharton."

Harry Wharton left the study.

Mr. Quelch remained in deep thought with a wrinkle in his brow. There had been a vague doubt floating at the back of his own mind; and he had been quite startled to find that the same doubt was in Wharton's, and Mr. Quelch knew—what Wharton did not know—the tremendous difference it had made to Cyril Rackstraw's prospects when his lost cousin was found and taken home to Cholmondeley Castle.

It was in a grim mood that Mr. Quelch waited for Cyril Rackstraw to arrive at Greyfriars.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Carne Asks for It!

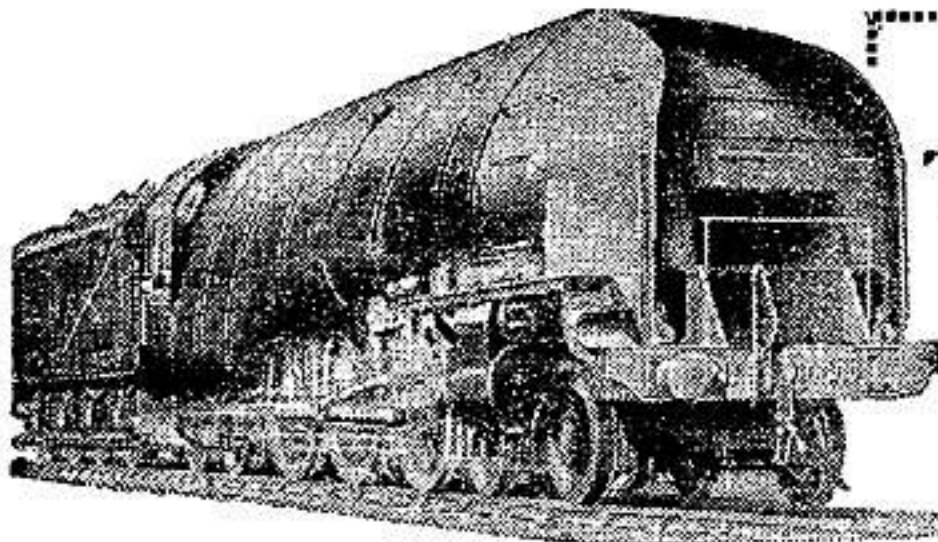
"I SAY, you fellows!"  
"Hallo, hallo, hallo, old fat man!"

"Licked?" grinned Bunter.  
"Do we look licked?" asked Bob Cherry cheerily. "My dear old fat man, Quelch gave us the glad hand and the happy eye."

"Mean to say you haven't been licked for cutting call-over and staying out till nine o'clock?" demanded Bunter. The Owl of the Remove really seemed quite disappointed.

"The lickfulness has not been terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter," chuckled Hurree Janset Rata Singh. "The

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worthy Quelch was preposterously infuriated, but the cloudfulness of the wrathful frown was banished by the smilefulness of benevolence."

"Some fellows are their Form master's favourites!" remarked Skinner.

"Skinner, old bean, you oughtn't to give a fellow the trouble of kicking you when a fellow comes in tired!" said Bob reproachfully. "Still, if you will have it—hallo, hallo, hallo, where are you going, Skinner?"

But Skinner was gone.

"Well, how the thump did you get off?" asked Hazeldene. "What have you been up to?"

"Oh, catching ferocious tinkers and handing them over to the police," answered Bob carelessly. "We do these things in our spare time, you know."

"Gaminon!"

"Honest Injun!" said Bob. "We bagged the jolly old tinker who was after Tatters—and he will have to do his tinkering in chokey now. He will think twice before he goes in for kidnapping again! That's a pun."

It was close on bed-time for the Remove, and prep was over. Most of the Form was in the Rag when Harry Wharton & Co. came into that apartment with Tatters, after a rather late supper. All the six were feeling the effects of their trouble with the tinker, but they were very merry and bright. Inspector Grimes had said that their conduct was very creditable, and the chums of the Remove heartily agreed with the inspector.

"But what's happened?" asked Vernon-Smith. "Tell us before dorm."

And the story was told, and listened to with deep interest by the Remove fellows. The chums of the Remove were careful to say nothing of their suspicion of Mr. Rackstraw, however. It was in the minds of all the Famous Five—and in Tatters' too, now. But that was not a matter to be talked of in the Rag.

"I say, you fellows, I wish I'd been there," said Bunter. "You wouldn't have had much trouble with that tinker if I'd been on the spot. As a matter of fact, it was Cholmondeley's own fault that he got into danger."

"Ow's that, fat'ed?" asked Tatters. "Well, I offered to come on that drive with you," said Bunter. "If I'd been with you, I fancy the tinker wouldn't have dared to show up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. If he'd seen me there I fancy he would have been scared off—"

"Well, your features might have done it," admitted Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "We're used to them in the Remove; but a stranger—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"Well, I might have been with Tatters," said Hazeldene. "I was going to punch his head when he came in—asking a fellow to go for a drive, and then buzzing off without him—"

Tatters coloured.

"I'm sorry for that," he said. "But Cousin Cyril started in a hurry, and he never 'eard me ask you—"

"Rot!" said Hazel. "He heard all right, and he jolly well left me! Not that I cared twopence for a drive in his blessed car."

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged a look. This was one more detail to confirm their suspicion of Mr. Rackstraw.

"So you nearly went with Tatters on that drive, Hazel?" asked Harry.

"Well, he asked me," grunted Hazel.

"But that cousin of his started up and raced off. I dare say he didn't want me in the car, but—as it turned out, it

would have been a good thing for Tatters if he'd had a fellow along with him, and his cousin doesn't seem to have taken a lot of care of him."

Harry Wharton & Co. had no doubt that Mr. Rackstraw had not wanted any Greyfriars fellow along with Tatters in the car. More and more they felt that that motor drive had been a trap, a trick to draw Tatters out of the safety of the school. So long as Tatters was gated it was certain that Tinker Wilson would have had no chance to lay hands on him, and whether intentionally or not, Cyril Rackstraw had given the tinker his chance. And in their own minds the Famous Five were assured that it had been done intentionally.

The door opened, and Carne of the Sixth looked into the Rag. It was Carne's turn of duty to see lights out for the Remove. Carne gave the chums of the Remove an unpleasant look.

"So you young sweeps have turned up!" he snapped.

"Yes, thanks, Carne," said Bob cheerily. "Were you feeling anxious about us?"

Carne scowled. It was not probable that he had been suffering from any anxiety on account of the Famous Five.

"You don't look as if you've been licked," he grunted.

"Right on the wicket—we haven't!" chuckled Bob. "Sorry to disappoint you, old bean, but we haven't been licked. Not even lines."

"You mean to say you've been let off by your Form master after cutting call-over and staying out late!" exclaimed Carne.

"Just that!"

"Well," said Carne. "Of all the rotten favouritism—"

"Carne!"

It was rather unfortunate for Carne of the Sixth that Mr. Quelch was passing the open door of the Rag at that moment. Carne gave a jump and spun round towards the doorway, to meet the gimlet-eyes of Henry Samuel Quelch fixed upon him with a positively terrifying expression.

"Oh!" ejaculated Carne. "I—I—" barked Mr. Quelch. "A most improper remark for a prefect to make, Carne! Very improper indeed. You have implied, sir, that I have been guilty of favouritism towards certain members of my Form. How dare you, sir!"

"I—I—I—" babbled Carne.

"You will apologise instantly!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "You should have known, Carne, that I had adequate reasons for excusing these juniors for a breach of the rules. You should have taken it for granted, Carne! Your remark was absolutely inexcusable. You will apologise instantly, or I will take you to the headmaster, sir, to explain your words to him."

"I—I—I apologise, sir!" gasped Carne. "I—I never meant—"

"That will do," snapped Mr. Quelch.

And he whisked on his way, leaving Carne of the Sixth red with rage and humiliation, and a crowd of juniors grinning.

Carne's eyes glittered at the Removites.

"Get to your dormitory, you young rotters!" he snapped.

"Us young what?" asked Bob Cherry. "A most improper remark for a prefect to make, Carne! Very improper indeed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Remove, as Bob delivered that reprimand in an imitation of Mr. Quelch's angry bark.

Carne glared at the cheery Bob almost speechless.

"You will apologise instantly," continued Bob, "or I shall take you to the headmaster, to explain your words to him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Remove.

Carne, gasping with rage, made a rush at Bob, and that cheery youth dodged out of the Rag. Carne rushed after him, almost foaming.

Bob tore into the passage and only missed colliding with Mr. Quelch by the skin of his teeth!

"What—what—" gasped the Remove Form master.

Crash!

The infuriated Carne, however, was not so fortunate as he chased after Bob, for he did cannon into Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, sir, sorry!" he gasped.

"What? What? What are you rushing about in that disorderly manner for, Carne?" gasped the Remove master. "Oh! I understand! Carne! What does this mean?"

"I—I—" Carne stammered. "I—I was—was—"

"This is not proper conduct for a Sixth Form prefect, Carne! If you cannot control your temper, you should not be a prefect! I shall speak to the Head on this subject! Go to your study, sir! I will see lights out for my Form myself, Carne! Go to your study."

Carne, in an almost homicidal frame of mind, went, and Mr. Quelch saw lights out for the Remove, for which they were duly thankful. Certainly the ashplant would have been likely to come into play had Carne followed them to their dormitory. Possibly the bully of the Sixth was saving up his wrath for another occasion, and probably, like wine, it would improve with keeping. But that prospect did not worry the cheery chums of the Remove, and they slept the sleep of the just, heedless of Carne and all his works.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Mr. Quelch Comes Down Heavy!

MR. CYRIL RACKSTRAW stepped from his car. His face was very grave as he was shown into Mr. Quelch's study. The Remove master was waiting for him there, and his face was very grave also as the young man entered.

Mr. Quelch had been thinking, and thinking hard. It was probable that some vague doubt would have entered his keen mind, in any case. But what Harry Wharton had told him had crystallised that doubt into something very like a certainty. His eyes fixed on Mr. Rackstraw with a very penetrating look. Quelch's eyes were compared in the Remove to gimlets, on account of their penetrating qualities. Never had they been so gimlet-like, as now. There was a moral certainty in the Remove master's mind, and he intended to turn it into an actual certainty if he could, for the sake of the boy in his Form whose safety was threatened.

Rackstraw, of course, had had no news since his talk on the telephone from Lantham with Mr. Quelch. He arrived at Greyfriars in complete ignorance of the fact that Tatters was safe back in the school, and that Tinker Wilson was also safe—under lock and key at Courtfield. And Mr. Quelch had no intention of enlightening him, for the moment. He was going to ascertain, first, whether Cyril Rackstraw was indeed the "man behind the scenes." He was, in fact, going to "play" Mr. Rackstraw like a fish.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "Pray be seated. You have come direct from Lantham?"

"Yes, Mr. Quelch." Rackstraw sat down. His face was grave and concerned in expression; but he shifted his chair a little, so that the Form master did not have a full and direct view of his face—a little circumstance that Mr. Quelch grimly noted. Possibly there was something in those gimlet-eyes that made Mr. Rackstraw faintly uneasy.

"You learned nothing there, sir?"

"Nothing," answered Mr. Rackstraw. "So far as I can make out, the boy has disappeared utterly. I am deeply distressed—it is most unfortunate. This will be disturbing news for Sir George Cholmondeley. I blame myself—yet how could I foresee that my cousin would be so foolish—so thoughtless—as to wander away from me—"

"You are sure that he did so?"

"Evidently, as he was not to be found."

"But did you search for him, Mr. Rackstraw—am I to understand that you lost no time in searching for him as soon as you missed him?"

"Surely, Mr. Quelch, you can hardly doubt that," said Rackstraw. "My belief, of course, was that he was close at hand, and immediately I was ready to start again, I called to him—and as he did not answer, searched up and down the path. He was nowhere in sight."

Rackstraw gave the Remove master a sidelong look.

"Perhaps I had better see Dr. Locke—" he suggested.

"If you desire, certainly," said Mr. Quelch. "But the matter is, at present, in my hands, and I desire to be fully informed. In letting the boy leave the school with you I had, of course, no doubt that he was perfectly secure in your charge."

"He would have been absolutely safe, sir, if—"

"If he had not wandered away from you?"

"That is so. It was extremely foolish and thoughtless—"

"Undoubtedly, if he did so," said Mr. Quelch. "You saw nothing of any suspicious characters about the spot?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You are aware, of course, of the attempts made by the tinker, Wilson, to recapture the boy. Cholmondeley's disappearance could mean only one thing—that Wilson was somehow on the spot, and saw his opportunity, and made use of it."

"That is what I fear, sir," said Mr. Rackstraw, "and by wandering away from me, while I was attending to my engine, poor Arthur gave the ruffian his chance—if that is indeed what has happened."

"It is unfortunate that your car should have broken down in such a very solitary spot, Mr. Rackstraw; and extraordinary that Cholmondeley's enemy should have chanced to be there," said Mr. Quelch, pursing his lips. "It would almost appear as if the man had some foreknowledge—"

"That, of course, is impossible," said Mr. Rackstraw. "It was quite by chance that I took the Lantham route when taking Arthur for a drive."

"It was still daylight when you missed Cholmondeley?"

"Yes, but somewhat dusky in the wood."

"But light enough for you to see him, if he had been anywhere near at hand."

"Oh, quite!"

"I may take it, Mr. Rackstraw, that you searched for him thoroughly?"

"Most assuredly, Mr. Quelch. I should not be likely to be careless in

such a matter," said Rackstraw warmly. "I was surprised and alarmed when I found that he was no longer there, and I searched the whole length of the path, and in the wood adjoining."

"And then?"

"Having failed to find any trace of him, I drove into Lantham."

"Immediately after giving up the search for him?"

"Naturally. I should not be likely to waste a moment, in the circumstances."

Mr. Quelch sat silent.

Obviously, it had not occurred to Rackstraw that the cyclists who had passed him in Lantham Chase were Greyfriars boys; still less, that they had given the Remove master information.

Rackstraw stated that he had searched in the wood for the missing junior, and immediately on giving up the search had driven into Lantham. From Harry Wharton, Mr. Quelch knew that Rackstraw's car had been idle on the bridle-path, without even the lights on; and that Rackstraw had been lounging about idly smoking a cigar, long after Cholmondeley had left him.

He could scarcely doubt now.

But for the fact that Harry Wharton & Co. had been on the spot, there was nothing to disprove Rackstraw's story, or to cast doubt on it. As it happened, however, it was disproved in advance.

But the Remove master was not finished yet. He was still "playing" Mr. Rackstraw, making assurance doubly sure that the man was lying.

"You made inquiries of any wayfarers, I presume, whether they had seen anything of Cholmondeley?" he asked.

"Naturally; several people on the Lantham road—"

"But in the path where you missed Cholmondeley? I am not well acquainted with Lantham Chase, but a path that could be used by a motor-car would doubtless be used by pedestrians and cyclists—"

"Unfortunately, it seems to be a very solitary spot," said Mr. Rackstraw. "I saw no one till I had left the wood behind."

"That is very unfortunate," said Mr. Quelch. "Anyone passing through the wood might have seen something of what had happened to Cholmondeley. You would naturally have stopped any pedestrian or cyclist and asked him—"

"Naturally."

"But you saw none?"

"None," said Rackstraw, shaking his head.

Mr. Quelch breathed hard through his nose. Rackstraw had seen nobody on the path through Lantham Chase—at the time that Bob Cherry's bicycle had crashed into his car.

Certainly, knowing nothing of Bob's connection with Greyfriars, Mr. Rackstraw was not likely to mention that incident. If he was a guilty man, he did not want that unknown cyclist searched for and questioned—it would have come out that Rackstraw had not been searching for the missing junior at all, but simply waiting about while he gave the kidnapper time to get clear with his prisoner. As an innocent man, he would have been only too anxious to get hold of that cyclist and have him questioned.

Mr. Quelch's grim face grew grimmer.

Rackstraw, ignorant of what the Remove master knew, was lying. He could have only one motive for lying.

"May I ask you, Mr. Rackstraw—"

recommenced the Remove master.

"Anything, sir. I am only too anxious—"

"There is a possibility," said Mr.

Quelch grimly, "that Cholmondeley's enemies have been on the watch—that you may have been watched, Mr. Rackstraw, as you were coming here to see Cholmondeley. Did you drive here direct from Hampshire to-day?"

"Naturally."

"What I mean is this—that if you had been seen at Lantham, and the tinker, Wilson, was about that place, that may account—"

"I understand, sir, but I have been nowhere near Lantham to-day, until I drove there with Arthur this afternoon. Lantham is nowhere near my route here from Hampshire."

Mr. Quelch almost snorted.

Cyril Rackstraw had been nowhere near Lantham that day before he came to Greyfriars—yet five Remove boys had seen him on the path in Lantham Chase before he arrived at the school.

There was no doubt now.

Rackstraw was startled by the expression that came over the face of the Remove master. Mr. Quelch rose to his feet.

Rackstraw was now vaguely uneasy and alarmed. His heart was beating unpleasantly. Something was wrong—though he could not yet guess what it was.

"Mr. Rackstraw," said the Form master, in a deep voice, "it is already known that the tinker, Wilson, was set on by some unknown enemy who desires the disappearance of Arthur Cholmondeley."

"That, sir, is a foolish idea of the boy's own," said Rackstraw. "It is, of course, inadmissible. My own opinion is that Wilson is acting from personal malice."

"That is not my opinion, sir, and it is not in accordance with the facts as they are known. There is some man, sir, who has a strong interest in the disappearance of Arthur Cholmondeley, since he has been found and reclaimed by his grandfather. More!" added Mr. Quelch emphatically. "Cholmondeley has told me that while he was with the tinker, Wilson was in regular receipt of sums of money from an unknown source. I have no doubt, sir, that this unknown enemy of the boy's knew where he could be found, and was bribing the tinker to keep him undiscovered."

Rackstraw's face grew pale.

"A very wild suspicion, sir!" he said. "I see nothing whatever to substantiate it."

"I see much!" said Mr. Quelch. "Mr. Rackstraw, I will be plain with you. You have told me that you drove here direct from Hampshire, and that you have been nowhere near Lantham before taking Cholmondeley there."

"That is correct, sir."

"You, sir, and your car were seen on that very path through Lantham Chase, early this afternoon, before you arrived at the school!" boomed Mr. Quelch.

Rackstraw started.

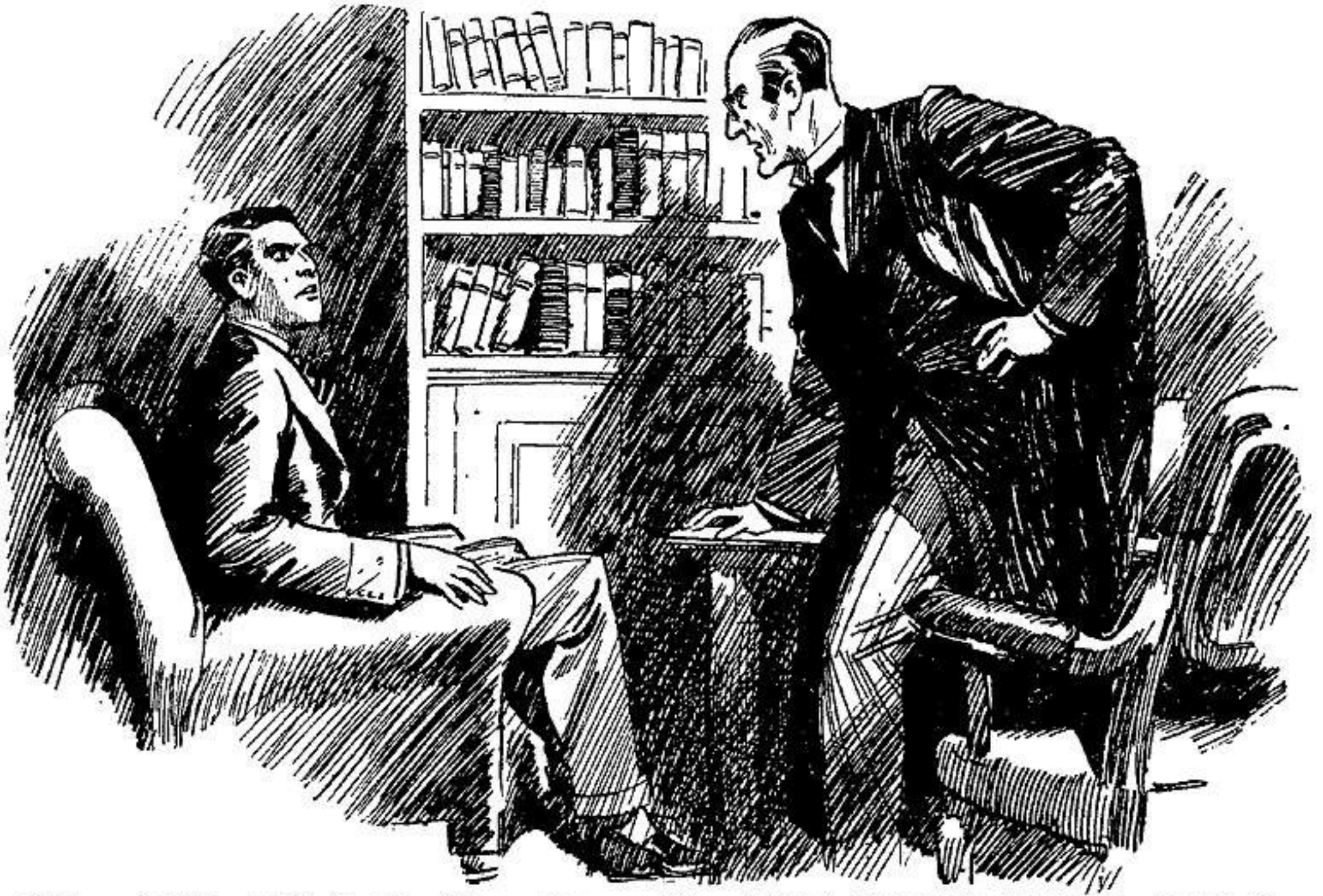
"Mr. Quelch! I scarcely understand your meaning."

"I will make it clear, sir! I will make it quite clear! You were seen on that path in Lantham Chase, waiting with your car, only a few minutes before the tinker, Wilson, following that path, arrived on the spot, and must have passed within your sight."

"Whoever has given you this information, sir, is making a mistake—a most absurd mistake."

Rackstraw's voice was husky.

"You have told me, sir, that after Cholmondeley disappeared, you searched for him, up to the moment that you drove to Lantham to make inquiries there. You have told me that you saw no one on the path. Yet I have the evidence of five persons who passed you on



“Silence, sir!” hooted Mr. Quelch. “The secret enemy of the unfortunate Cholmondeley is no longer unknown, sir—I know him now, sir, and he is seated before me!” Rackstraw started.

bicycles, one of whom collided with your car; and when they saw you, sir, you were not searching for the missing boy, but idling about smoking a cigar. Not only did you see these five cyclists on the path, but you exchanged words with them.”

Rackstraw almost staggered.

“I deny it! I—” he stammered.

“Silence, sir!” hooted Mr. Quelch. “These boys, though you are unaware of it, belong to this school, and they have already given me a full account of the matter.”

“Oh!” panted Rackstraw.

“You were in Lantham Chase early this afternoon, sir, and you met Wilson there!” boomed Mr. Quelch. “You drove deliberately to that solitary spot with Cholmondeley, sir, because the ruffian was waiting on that spot, ready to carry out his orders! The secret enemy of that unfortunate boy is no longer unknown, sir—I know him now, sir, and he is seated before me!”

Rackstraw licked his dry lips.

“And I can tell you more, sir!” said Mr. Quelch, in rasping tones. “The tinker had a horse and cart concealed in the wood—”

Rackstraw started.

“Cholmondeley was seized, sir, only a dozen yards from you, while you pretended to be busy with a pretended breakdown of your engine. He was placed in that cart and concealed under sacking, and driven away by Tinker Wilson.”

Rackstraw’s eyes almost started from his head as he stared at the Remove master. He asked himself wildly how Mr. Quelch knew all this.

“You desired to keep your share in the matter, sir, a secret from Cholmondeley, as well as from others, in case of his escape by some accident,” said Mr. Quelch. “No doubt you would have been perfectly successful in the

whole scheme, Mr. Rackstraw, had not a number of Greyfriars boys, most fortunately, become concerned in the matter. I will add, sir, that these very boys came on the scoundrel Wilson and seized him—that they have handed him over to the police, and that Arthur Cholmondeley has been brought back to Greyfriars safe and sound, and is now asleep, sir, in his bed in his dormitory.”

It was a bombshell to the hapless plotter.

Rackstraw, his face white as chalk, his eyes starting from his head, stared at the Remove master in terror.

“The—the boy is—is—is here?” he stuttered.

“He is here, sir, and the ruffian Wilson is in a cell at Courtfield police station. It remains to be seen whether he will betray his employer—yourself, sir!”

“Good gad!” gasped Rackstraw.

“Have you anything more to say?” snapped Mr. Quelch.

Rackstraw tried to pull himself together.

“These—these wild suspicions, sir—you can prove nothing. I am assured that the man Wilson will not mention my name—that he does not, in fact, know my name.”

“No doubt you have made it worth the rascal’s while to keep silent!” snapped Mr. Quelch. “But your guilt is known, sir.”

“You have no proof—no atom of proof!” Rackstraw spoke between his set teeth. “If you venture to make such an accusation, Mr. Quelch—”

His voice trailed off, under the Remove master’s cold, steady gaze.

“I will make myself clear, sir,” said Mr. Quelch. “Proof for a court of law may be wanting—I admit that. Neither do I desire to cause a scandal in the newspapers, with the name of this school involved.”

Rackstraw almost panted with relief.

“But, sir,” resumed Mr. Quelch, “I shall draw up a statement of the facts of the case, as they are known to me, and this will be dated and witnessed. In the event of any attempt, from any source, being made on the boy Cholmondeley, either at school or at home, that statement will be placed in the hands of the police, to act upon as they think fit.”

He paused again.

“You know what will happen then, Mr. Rackstraw! I warn you to abandon this dastardly scheming against your cousin, an innocent lad! Take one more step in that direction, sir, and the law will be set in motion. Now go—and I need not add that you will never visit Greyfriars again!”

Rackstraw rose and moved slowly to the door.

He gave the Remove master one bitter, venomous look, and was gone.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Strange Meeting!

“OK it!”  
“Eh?”  
“That blooming Carne!” said Tatters.

“Oh, bless Carne!” grunted Bob Cherry.

It was several days since Tatters’ adventure. Tatters was no longer gated. Mr. Quelch had consulted the Head on the subject, and they had agreed that, with Tinker Wilson in a cell, and his rascally employer now known and warned off, it was no longer necessary for Cholmondeley of the Remove to keep within gates. Which was very satisfactory to Tatters and his friends.

(Continued on page 28.)



By STANTON HOPE

# The ISLAND SLAVES!

## Bursting of the Hurricane!

"SHAN'T make it!" said Sub-Lieutenant Tony Dunn, with a groan.

The little Bengali interpreter, Chotajee by name, rolled his eyes behind his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"In words of modern expression," he moaned, "the sahib has spilled a jugful. Wherefore has honourable English poet, Aesop, assumed that 'wind from south blows bait in fish's mouth'?"

"Give it up, Chota, old chappy," Tony returned. "I always was pretty rotten at riddles."

He looked inquiringly at his chum, Lieutenant Guy Easton, who sat with his hand on the tiller and his eyes fixed on the far horizon. To his unspoken query Guy gave a faint smile.

"We may scrape alongside," he said; "but I doubt whether they'll be able to get the boats out of the water. It'll be touch and go."

At once Chotajee cheered up, as he always did when he saw a chance of displaying his scholarship. He had been educated at a college in Calcutta, and having been "ploughed" in the final examination, now proudly put "Failed B.A." after his name as a hint that the degree had only just eluded him.

"I wonder, Easton sahib," he remarked, "if you are unaware that such expression 'touch and go,' now in general use of landlubbers' vocabulary, is, without doubt, of nautical origin?"

"Go hon!"

"Such I have gathered," Chotajee stated, "from evidence of honourable THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,198.

nautical book which I have industrially perused. There in white-and-black was statement to effect that when sailing ship scrapes over sandy shoal into deep water, she is said to 'touch and go.' With such authority of learned scribe I have no doubtfulness of same."

"Is that so?" Guy grinned. "But if I were you, Chota, I'd clew up your jaw-tackle, before the said honourable jaw is in need of first-aidfulness."

At some danger to herself, the Falcon had veered broadside-on to the rising wind, to afford the approaching boats a good leeway. The picket-boat nosed in and cast off the tow, and Guy

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bawled an order to the natives, known as kolassies, to give way on the oars.

His voice was lost to the crew in competition with the approaching hurricane, but Tony seized an oar and set an example, and the natives hauled the boat in against the Falcon's side, below the empty davits waiting to receive it. Not a moment too soon! The squall of wind following the hot breeze that swirled the sand of Africa across the sea, struck the gunboat like a hammer-blow from some invisible, maddened giant.

The Falcon lurched over in the manner of a stricken whale, bearing down on the two boats which had sought the shelter provided by her hull in barely the nick of time!

The sea had risen to the pressure of

that hot wind which had heralded the hurricane; but Captain Knox was loath to abandon his two boats, despite that hoisting them up now offered a feat of seamanship which might well daunt the heart of the boldest. The picket-boat, which had got alongside first, was already on the falls, and her crew tumbled aboard before the Falcon righted herself.

Things were more difficult for Guy in command of the cutter, which having been astern of the other craft, had been a few precious seconds later. To the kolassies he roared in Hindustani:

"Tumble out, all except two men! Juldi! Juldi!"

Either the kolassies failed to hear properly in the demoniacal shrieking of the wind, or else they were over-anxious that the Navy should not be bereaved of their valuable lives. In frantic haste they swarmed up the sea-gangway, up rope ladders put down for their use, and up the swaying falls.

"Sufferin' catfish!" howled Guy. "Hook on those falls!"

In the strange lull which followed that most furious blast of wind and which is sometimes a feature of the tropic storm, the voice of his chum, Tony, rang out shrilly:

"All serene, admiral—sir, I mean! I'm little johnny-on-the-spot!"

He flung himself across the thwarts and tried to grab the hook of the fore'ard fall, while Chotajee, who had been hitherto regarded by the young Naval officers as a rather timid and voluble boaster, showed in a surprisingly good light by struggling to help him. Guy himself attempted to get the hook of the after fall fixed to

the ring at the stern end of the boat; but again the luck of the Navy was dead out!

The Falcon, which had been kept listed over for a space of seconds by a fresh pressure of wind, had risen in the lull, and then suddenly she lifted on a monster wave racing in the wake of lesser seas, and the rope falls went swaying completely out of reach of the fellows in the boat!

"Great sea-snakes!"

With Naval smartness in the face of an emergency, Tony snatched up an oar and shoved against the Falcon's lifting side to keep the cutter's nose away. The blade splintered, but he succeeded in getting the boat out sufficiently to prevent her being crushed as the armoured gunboat came thundering down in the trough of the seas.

Meantime, Guy might have saved himself by taking a flying leap on to the after sea-gangway, which consisted of a number of steel steps in the gunboat's hull. But he was in command, and had no intention of deserting Tony and Chotajee to what now seemed certain death!

### Sport of the Seas I

**W**ITH the Falcon bucking, like an enraged sea-elephant, there was only one faint chance—a one-in-a-hundred chance—and that was to get clear of her. No boat could live alongside now; it would be crushed to matchwood, and its occupants destroyed. So Guy shoved the tiller hard over, completing the work which Tony had begun, and causing the cutter to nose away.

The whole thing had happened so quickly that those aboard the Falcon could do nothing on their part. By sheer misfortune, the gallant race to get back aboard the warship had failed by a brief second or two.

For her own safety the Falcon was beginning to get under way, and turning, so that she might run before the storm. Guy knew that he had no alternative but to keep the cutter headed in the direction of the seas and the wind, and trust to fortune that the Falcon might keep close enough to him to take them aboard if they could make the lee of some island.

Again, after that brief lull, the wind came roaring up from the southward, aflame with the hot sand of Africa, and, from tropical blue, the sea had assumed the hue of yellow ochre. Half-choked, and with reddened eyes, Guy looked round for the Falcon, steaming in a semicircle, and caught but a faint, final glimpse of her before the swiftly moving screen of sand shut her from view.

"Keep low in the boat!" he bellowed.

There was nothing that Tony or Chotajee could do, and so they crouched down in the thwarts beside the two inert bodies which there had not been time to get aboard the Falcon. The kolassie who had been shot during the scrap with the cut-throats of the suspicious dhow, had been killed instantly, and that mysterious negro who had leaped overboard from the Arab craft, had since died of his wounds.

Thus the cutter sped on, pursued by the furious white horses and breaking seas, and lashed by the sand-filled wind of hurricane force.

Crouched low in the stern, Guy gripped the tiller with all the brute force of which he was capable, and yet had to be alert to make alterations of course to prevent the boat from slewing round.

Now that they were away from the shelter of the Falcon, the boat was getting the full force of the storm, and if she came round broadside on, would mean that some breaking sea would pile aboard in a monster cataract of white spume and sink her for sheer weight of water. So in his wet, bedraggled naval uniform of tropic white, and hair and face wet with the flying spray, he grimly held the boat's nose to the northward, while the raging seas drove it on at incredible speed.

Following the onslaught of the hurricane, the sea had risen rapidly. Somehow, Guy, in the cutter, was reminded of a cork in a boiling cauldron, overwhelmed by a hot, sulphurous steam.

At times the boat was flung up on the crest of some great, sizzling mound of water, and he would have the sense of impending destruction as the white spume began bubbling over him and into the boat. Then the cutter would go sliding down interminably into a crazy, rocking valley, and he would fear that she would never lift out of it. But when destruction seemed to threaten from the following wave, the stout old naval boat would hoist upwards, brace herself, and take the next thunderous hammer-blow of surf with a shudder, before racing on to dip again into some swinging trough.

On, on raced the cutter, with never a sight of her parent ship. At intervals, Tony and the little Bengali had to bail furiously to relieve the boat of the weight of water shipped as she lurched on her headlong course. Guy never shifted his gaze from the sea ahead, time and again averting disaster by putting the helm over this way or that to keep the boat from broaching.

"What-ho, old seahorse!" whooped Tony, his tanned face dripping with seawater. "Where do we get off at?"

"Non-stop for Arabia!" Guy returned. "Trouble is, old top, the bathing's a bit dangerous along that coast!"

"S-still, s-sahib," stuttered Chotajee. "may I suggest, in words of esteemed poet Shakespeare, that 'while there is life there is hopefulness'?"

"Suggest what you jolly well like, cheery old Chota," Tony said brightly, "so long as you don't suggest swimming back to the old hookpot that's lost us. I've not got my giddy bathing-costume."

How far they had travelled they had no idea, although Guy had a compass and roughly knew that they were on a northerly course. Somewhere ahead lay the gaunt Arabian coast and one or two small volcanic islands, which might or might not be in their path.

With bloodshot eyes, they strained to pierce that swirling screen of sand, dreading lest they should see the dancing columns of white surf at the foot of

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### THE FIRST CHAPTERS RETOLD.

LIEUTENANT GUY EASTON, his chum, SUB-LIEUTENANT TONY DUNN, some white ratings, and CHOTAJEE, a Bengali interpreter, have been to board a suspicious-looking dhow heading a southerly course out of the Red Sea. With the brewing of a treacherous storm off the African coast, however, they are recalled to the warship Falcon. Tumbling back into the cutter, they are pushing from the dhow's side when they hear a terrified human cry and see a negro, a broken rusty shackle on his left ankle, plunge head foremost from the Arab craft into the sea. Guy rescues the man, who, by the weals on his back, is obviously a slave. The picket boat sent by the captain of the Falcon has the cutter in tow and is making lion-hearted efforts to get Guy and his men under the lee of the warship before the rising hurricane bursts upon them.

(Now read on.)

tawny cliffs—surf which would spell death for them as surely as if their craft were slewed round and rolled over in the savage seas following them.

Gradually the wind lessened, and the fog of dust began to clear.

"My hat!" yelled Tony. "The luck's veered round with us!"

Visibility became greater and greater until they could see two or three cable lengths ahead over the tumbling sea, which was discoloured to the tint of a lion's coat by the sand which had settled on the surface. Guy slightly relaxed in his attitude of intense concentration, but assumed it instantly again as his keen ears detected a sinister rumbling which reminded him of the continuous beat of the war-drums of the Somalis.

"G-good heavens!" he gulped breathlessly. "Surf!"

The drifting veil of dust parted, and there, not half a dozen cable lengths ahead, were the hills and cliffs of an island, with a bracelet of ivory surf round the coast.

"M-my esteemed e-curred liver!" Chotajee gulped. "Now indeed are we out of the frying-pan into the fire-fulness!"

Tony looked back across the thwarts. "Recognise it?" he shouted.

Guy nodded.

"Do I not!" he replied. "There's many a time I've seen those jolly old contours from the bridge of the Falcon. That's the island of Khoof."

"Well, what about it?" Tony demanded. "Are you going to risk attempting to bring her round? If you don't, we're going to give that island a nasty bump, and jolly old Sheikh What's-his-name, the chieftain, will probably be raking us out in pieces tomorrow from among the rocks."

"There were a couple of sandy coves on this side," Guy said. "They're small, but I'm going to take the chance of running into one of them. The surf will be big on both beaches, but there's a hundredth chance we may live through it; none if we hit the rocks! Step the mast, old man, and give us a rag of sail so that I can get better steerage-way on her."

There was danger enough in stepping the mast in that heavy sea, but Tony and Chotajee between them managed it, and, with much effort, set the fore-sail, which belled and threatened to whip away from the stay in the wind. But, once the sail was set, the cutter became much more manageable, and Guy, with superb seamanship, nosed the boat in toward one of those small, sandy coves of the island.

"I wonder," murmured Tony, settling back against the mast, "if old Sheikh What's-his-name in his jolly old village of What-you-may-call-it will see us and kill the fatted goat?"

"Quite likely, ass," grinned Guy "if you waggle your ears to call his attention."

Hunched on the forward thwart, Chotajee swayed to and fro until it seemed that he must burst through the tight fitting, white pantaloons and black alpaca coat which he wore.

Although the two young sahibs chaffed one another as if they were going on a picnic, the babu had been to sea long enough to know that actually the boat was racing on to what might well mean death to them all. Could she live through the thunderous white surf piling into the sandy cove? No steersmanship could prevent her from slewing once she was caught in the grip of those mighty breakers, each with a

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thousand tons of sea power piled up behind it. It was a necessary gamble with death—and Chotajee, remembering all the midnight oil he had burned to achieve the distinction of "Failed B.A.," did not like it.

"Indeed and verily," he muttered hopelessly, "this is what sportsman sahib such as self would designate as mug's play!"

The boat lurched onward with the two young naval officers, the little Bengali, and that grim cargo of two dead men under the thwarts.

Beside the strong set of the sea in toward the island, there was a tide-rip round a headland that acted considerably to the danger of the boat's approach.

A clever navigator, Guy noticed the rip and allowed for it, but the half-moon of sandy beach made an absurdly small target at which to aim. Yet the sand presented the only possible chance of beaching the boat, but the slightest misjudgment would mean that the craft would be battered to match-wood on the jagged, volcanic rocks which, like a rampart, endured the buffeting of the thunderous surf.

Neither anxiety nor excitement disturbed Guy in his task of steersman. He was doing a job for which he had been trained, navigating a boat, and his grip remained firm on the tiller while his eyes looked steadfastly ahead.

Now they were for it! Bearing down as far to the weather side of the cove as he could, he brought the boat slashing safely past the rocks which reached up with iron fingers to rip the hull out of her, then put the helm over.

"Get the sail off her!" he roared. Bracing himself against the short, swaying mast, Tony let the sail down with a run, and held on like grim death to the gunwale. In a vague sort of way he heard Chotajee earnestly humming the tune of "For Those in Peril on the Sea," which was sung regularly once a week at Divisions and Prayers aboard the Falcon.

The roar of the surf was deafening; but a biscuit's toss ahead was a seething area of crashing white foam! Faster and faster the cutter rushed towards it, already caught in the last headlong rush of the waves shoreward.

Instinctively, Guy crooked his arm the more firmly over the tiller. Allied to his skill would be needed a giant's strength to keep the boat head-on during the first critical moments of the surf. After that, they must trust to the luck of the Navy to see them through.

### Island of Danger!

**T**HE boat fairly leaped forward, as if some mighty merman had risen beneath it and taken the keel in its grip. Guy felt a strange exhilaration as he wrestled with the tiller which had taken to itself the attributes of the kicking hind-leg of a mule. The surf surged around the gunwale and creamed aboard, but he kept the nose toward the desirable arc of sand.

"Atta boy!" whooped Tony exuberantly.

"And may all back playfulness reach Chotajee Mem-Sahib intactfully!" babbled the little babu in last supplication. A mighty cataract of foam threw its shadow down upon them as a seventh wave curled astern—a father of waves with tons of creaming water, eager for the sport of destruction!

"We're for it!"

Though the words left Guy's lips, his mind was a mill-race of matters now remote from the present danger. That dhow he had boarded—its cut-throat crew—the negro who had leaped into the sea and had been shot with an automatic pistol—that giant Abyssinian with the skin of black velvet and the yellow eyes of a tiger.

And then he felt himself punched in the back, and, with outflung hands, went hurtling out of the boat into the maelstrom of foam.

The cutter had been flung completely over, and for an instant he glimpsed Chotajee as he struck the water near him. His hand fastened on the babu's alpaca coat, and all he knew for the next breath-taking moments was that he was being carried forward swiftly in the welter of water that surged up his nose and bubbled saltily down his throat. Then his feet dragged against something firm, and he staggered upright—only to be knocked flat by the surf of a following wave.

He rose again, gulped the fresh air into his lungs, and looked about him. His feeling was that he had forgotten something. In an instant he knew what it was—he had held Chotajee, but had lost him!

Turning, he glimpsed the little Bengali being swung outward to sea again in the strong under-tow. He fairly threw himself at him, clutched his coat again, and was promptly dragged out with him. But the next huge breaker flung them both shoreward once more, and this time as he struggled out his hand was gripped by Tony, who helped with the work of getting the Bengali up on the sand.

They dropped Chotajee on the sand and for some moments gasped for breath. Then Tony dropped on one knee beside the inert form of the little babu.

"Poor old Chota!" he muttered. "Coiled his ropes, I fancy."

Guy bent his head and made a brief examination.

"No, he's not dead," he panted. "He's swallowed a few pints of the Arabian Sea, but we'll jolly well soon get those out of him. Roll him over on that spar of driftwood."

Although weakened by their own struggles in the surf, they dragged the babu face downward over the wood, and rolled him backwards and forwards. This rough-and-ready first-aid soon had its effect, and, after a few other stunts to restore normal breathing to the victim, they had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes.

"Take a peek there!" ejaculated Tony suddenly; "up towards those date palms! I saw something move."

Together they squelched toward the clump of palms which had been broken and dishevelled in the hurricane. Then a lean shape passed ghost-like between the thick stems, and Tony slipped his hand into his pocket where an automatic still reposed in a waterproof case.

"What's that?" he gulped. "A hyena?"

"Hardly likely," Guy replied; "in any case, don't start up any fireworks with that shooting-iron of yours. It mightn't be wise to announce our arrival by shooting up the local menagerie."

He picked up a piece of wreckage, and Tony followed suit, for two or three lean, wolf-like creatures were emerging from among the palms.

"They're pariah dogs," Guy muttered, "and when hungry they can be beastly dangerous."

As the chums halted, fully a dozen of the yellow pariahs slunk into the open, their red eyes agleam and showing their long fangs. Made bold by hunger, these canine outcasts of the island advanced snarling and yapping until the gaunt leader took a swift forward spring.

Instantly Guy, who understood the real danger better than his chum, leaped forward to meet the brute, and sent it back yelping as he swung the chunk of wood. It was not that he feared the pariahs could overcome them, but that the slightest wound from their fangs would probably convey the dreaded rabies or hydrophobia which, unless checked by early inoculation, would surely result in a fearful death.

Yapping savagely, the pariahs drew back, but as Guy and Tony retreated down the beach towards Chotajee, they grew bold again and returned with a rush.

"Beat 'em back—the swabs!" gasped Guy. "But for the love of Mike, keep your fists clear of 'em!"

Rushing at the yelping pack, the chums laid about them with the clubs. Crack! Thump! Thwack!

Before their determined onslaught the lean, wild dogs rolled in the sand or turned tail and scurried for the sanctuary of the palms. What small courage the pariahs had summoned oozed out of them, and in less than a minute the whole pack was in full cry back to the caves in the interior, where they made their home.

"Thumpin' good job they've gone!" panted Guy.

Now they had time to look round for the boat, but that had been dragged away by the undertow of the giant waves, and was being hammered to pieces on the volcanic rocks at the edge of the cove. There was not a sign of that grim cargo she had carried; both the body of the kolassie and the negro had vanished.

"Phew! It's amazing how we came through that lot!" Guy muttered, regarding the thundering white surf. "We can thank our lucky stars—"

"And your work at the tiller, old man," Tony supplied. "Tough, though, that we've lost the bodies of those two poor chaps. If we could have got the negro back alive to the Falcon, we might have gained some useful evidence for putting down this slave running that's going on again in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf."

"Huh!" Guy grunted. "That was a slave dhow that we boarded, you bet! Those beastly cut-throats had the luck on their side when the hurricane sprang up—but our turn will come. I'm mighty anxious, Tony, to meet that Abyssinian johnny again—the fellow with the eyes like bits of polished topaz; he's had a sort of haunting effect on me ever since I clapped my weather-eye on him."

Tony's eyes narrowed.

"He gave me a feeling such as I never had in my whole giddy life before," he admitted. "I felt, somehow, after he had given me the once-over, that I should be doing a public service if I shot him down in cold blood. Unsporting sort of admission to have to make."

His chum gritted his teeth.

"The big black swab fascinated me," he muttered. "But after he'd shot that negro, I'd have given a year's pay to have filled his carcass so full of lead





"Beat 'em back—the swabs!" gasped Guy. "But keep your fists clear of 'em!" Rushing at the yelling pack of pariahs, the chums laid about them with the clubs. Crack! Thump! Thwack!

that he wouldn't have needed firebars to take him down to Davy Jones. Hallo! Here's old Chota beginning to find the use of his pins."

#### Village of the Arabs!

**T**HE little babu had lost his horn-rimmed spectacles, and he blinked like an owl as he stood swaying unsteadily.

"My venerable aunts!" he gasped weakly. "Thank goodnesses that we have terra firma under our pedal extremities! Indeed, sahibs, it is a miracle that we have endured the sportsmanship of such stormfulness and live to tell one another the tale. What place-name is possessed by this debased spot, may I inquiringly ask?"

"This island is called Khoof," Guy answered, smiling. "There's a solitary village of the same name, and the hostman is Sheikh Haji."

"Then let's leave our cards," suggested Tony, wringing sea-water from his bedraggled tropic uniform, "and maybe we can borrow a handful of dates and a cup of the nourishing old sherbet from him."

"Sahib," Chotajee said, "have you ever beforetimes received formal introductions of him?"

"Never," Tony said.  
"I've met him once," remarked Guy, "on an occasion when the old Falcon called here rather before your time, old sport. He was polite—put on his best camel's wool hat; but the mean old buffer didn't like trotting out the giddy

roast goat and sweetmeats for our entertainment."

Chotajee blinked nervously.

"But surely, sahib," he said, "he cannot refuse to suckle shipwrecked mariners in distressfulness? Not even debased and illiterate Arab can turn the back and give cold shoulder with stony eye upon wet and suffering fellows humans."

"Well, we've jolly well got to risk it, old son," chirped Tony. "We lost our boat, and we can do nothing more here, and I'm beginning to feel as hungry as that Persian poet chap, Omar What's-his-name, who sang about a loaf of bread beneath a bough. Come on! Forward the landing party!"

They tramped up the drifting sand together.

By this time the thunderous clouds of the hurricane had almost rolled away, and the sun was setting like a crimson furnace across the sea to westward.

They entered the outskirts of the village without seeing a sign of life except a few scraggy goats, but there was a great hullabaloo going on somewhere not far from hand.

That some big event was in progress was apparent from the noise going on, and the total absence of any Arabs near any of the squat, mud-walled houses on the village outskirts.

"I think," Guy said cautiously, "we'd better find out just what we're butting into before we announce ourselves."

Through a narrow alleyway they caught a glimpse of the village square, bordered by a great throng of Arabs

wearing the usual heavy robes and head-gear. Then they stopped short and every drop of blood froze in their veins, for, above the murmurings of the throng and the beat of drums and cymbals, rose a piercing cry of terror! "G-good heavens!"

The colour flooded back into Tony's face as he uttered that hoarse cry, and with usual impulsiveness, started forward.

Immediately Guy gripped him by the arm.

"Not so fast, young 'un!" he whispered. "Get up on that roof there. You too, Chota!"

When Guy gave an order in that tone there was nothing more to be said, and Chotajee shinned aloft assisted by a bunk-up by the young lieutenant.

The roof was solid and flat, and bore various signs that the family who lived in the small dwelling spent most of their time up there in the usual Arab manner.

It was bordered by a parapet a couple of feet high, and the chums crept forward and peered over its edge.

As they did so, all caught their breath at the amazing and sinister sight which met their eyes!

*(Guy and his companions have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire by the look of things! You'll be surprised as well as thrilled when you read of their exciting adventures on this strange island in next week's instalment of this gripping serial.)*

## "TATTERS" OF THE REMOVE!

(Continued from page 23.)

But at the present moment Tatters, though not gated, was not supposed to be out of gates—and neither were the Famous Five. It was morning break; and in break the juniors were not supposed to leave the school precincts.

There was no harm, certainly, in taking a stroll; still, it was against the rules, and a report meant lines. So when a Sixth Form prefect appeared in the offing, it was up to the Removeites to hunt cover. More especially as the prefect was Carne of the Sixth, who had a long memory for offences.

Tatters spotted the prefect at a distance, in Friardale Lane, and gave the warning. And the juniors immediately backed out of the lane into the footpath through Friardale Wood.

There, taking cover among the trees, they waited for Carne of the Sixth to pass on to the village.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Nugent. "Look out—he's coming this way."

"Blow 'im!" murmured Tatters.

Carne stopped at the stile, and swung himself over into the footpath. He came up the footpath, and for a moment or two the chums of the Remove wondered whether he had spotted them.

But Carne did not look in their direction; and they lugged the cover of the old oaks and beeches off the path. He passed within ten feet, evidently unaware of their presence.

"Good luck!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"The luckfulness is terrific." "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" breathed Bob Cherry. "The sweep's stopped! Stick where you are, you men."

Carne's footsteps had ceased to echo back along the path. Evidently he had come to a halt, at a little distance in the wood.

The juniors exchanged uneasy glances. There really was no harm in a little stroll out of gates in break; but a report to their Form master meant trouble; and they did not want trouble with Mr. Queleh. And they could not help thinking that Carne must have spotted them after all, as he had stopped, and they expected to hear his returning footsteps.

But there was no sound of returning footsteps. Carne, for some inexplicable reason, had gone a dozen yards or so up the footpath, and then come to a halt. He did not walk on, and he did not return. But while he was there, the juniors could not venture to break cover, and they waited impatiently, wondering what on earth Carne was up to.

"Blow him!" murmured Bob. "I suppose he's meeting somebody here—one of his precious friends from the Cross Keys, perhaps."

The juniors grinned. The manners and customs of the Sixth Form sportsman were better known in the Lower School than he suspected.

"Well, we can't hang on here much longer," said Nugent. "We shall be late for third school, at this rate."

"The lateness will be—"

"Preposterous!" murmured Bob. "Bother the man! Hallo, hallo, hallo! Somebody's moving at last."

There were footsteps, but they came from farther up the path in the wood. Obviously, someone had met Carne on the path—someone, evidently, whom the black sheep of the Sixth did not care to meet near the school. Through the clear, frosty air a voice came to the ears of the juniors.

"You're here, old fellow! Good!"

Harry Wharton gave a violent start. He looked round at his comrades. It was the voice of Cyril Rackstraw.

"My 'at!" murmured Tatters, in amazement. "That's my Cousin Cyril, you blokes! My 'at!"

"Here I am, Rackstraw," answered Carne. "But I'm dashed if I know why you can't come up to the school! What's the jolly old mystery about?"

Harry Wharton & Co. could have enlightened Carne on that point. They knew why Rackstraw could not come up to the school.

"I'll explain; there's a reason," answered Rackstraw. The trees hid the speakers from the Remove fellows, but every word came clearly to their ears. "You haven't mentioned that you're meeting me?"

"No. You asked me not to in your letter. Nobody at Greyfriars knows that we're acquainted, if you come to that. But why—"

"You can't be too careful. You were not seen coming here?"

There was an uneasy tone in Rackstraw's voice.

"Oh, no! Fellows don't go out of gates in break," answered Carne.

The juniors grinned at one another. That was all Carne knew.

"Good! But you—"

"It doesn't apply to prefects, of course. As a matter of fact, I've got leave from third school," said Carne. "If you want to talk, I can take you to a more comfy place than this dashed windy wood!"

"Let us go, by all means, then. I've

something rather important to say to you, Carne."

"Blessed if I can guess what it is! But let's!" answered Carne.

And there was a sound of footsteps receding on the woodland path.

The footsteps died away. Carne and his friend had gone through the wood together, and the juniors could guess that the "comfy place" the Sixth-Former had spoken of was the back parlour at the Cross Keys. They had no doubt that the two were heading for that delectable resort by the woodland footpaths.

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "That's jolly queer, you men. Did you know your precious cousin knew a Greyfriars prefect, Tatters?"

"He was talking to 'im in his study that day he called for me at the school," said Tatters. "But he said he was just asking Carne where I was. I never knew he knowed the bloke."

"My esteemed chums," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh, "the queerfulness of this ridiculous incident is terrific and absurd. Our worthy and ludicrous friend Tatters is not yet done with the execrable Rackstraw."

Harry Wharton nodded, with a wrinkle of deep thought in his brow.

"There's something behind this," said he. "That scoundrel is up to something—though goodness knows what! He's not thinking of bagging Tatters again—I'm sure of that. But he's up to something."

"What?" asked Nugent.

Wharton shook his head.

"Goodness knows!"

"Well, they're gone," said Bob.

"Let's get back."

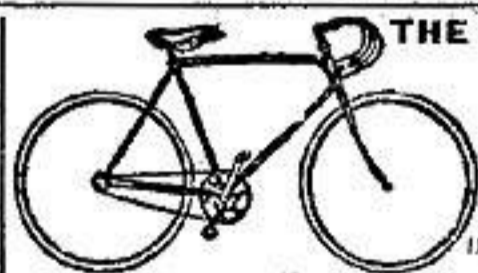
And the chums of the Remove left the wood, and started back to the school at a rapid trot. They were just in time for third school, and escaped the vials of wrath.

But during third school they were thinking more of that strange incident than of the valuable instructions they received from Mr. Queleh.

Something was "up," and though they could not begin to guess what it was, they felt that Tatters of the Remove was not yet done with his rascally rival for the Chelmondeley fortune.

THE END.

(The title of next week's superb story of Greyfriars is: "CHIVVYING CHUMLEY!" It's the brightest and most sparkling yarn you could wish to read, so make sure and order your copy EARLY!)



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All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**CONSCIENCE MONEY!**

Mr. Tom Brown begs to acknowledge with thanks receipt of a French coin and a halfpenny stamp from "Conscience Stricken," who purchased a truck harp for his study. If "Conscience Stricken" will kindly reveal his identity, Mr. Brown will be delighted to have a heart-to-heart talk with him in the gym., with or without gloves.

# Greyfriars Herald

Edited by  
**HARRY WHARTON,**  
P. G. R.

**LATEST EXTRA GOOD EDITION**

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No. 30.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

January 31st, 1931.

## NOTORIOUS NIGHT CLUB RAIDED

### The Tuckshop Whirl

#### HAPPENNY NAP



Smithy's Speakeasy, a celebrated night-club of gay dogs, merry blades, and underworld characters generally, was raided the night before last by Remove detectives disguised as patrons. The Speakeasy, which is a notorious night-club financed by the wealthy sportsman, Mr. H. Vernon-Smith, has for weeks been held in a box-room at the top of the House, and rumors of wild revels held there have been current in Lower School circles for some time.

The raid was carried out under the orders of Det.-Insp. Russell, who took the precaution of providing his men with the black masks which club-members have always worn. With their chivvies thus hidden, the officers were able to mingle freely with the patrons. When they entered, they found a cabaret in progress. Klips and Hazalodene, the well-known Russian dancers, being occupied in giving their speciality dance, the Tuckshop Whirl, to the hectic strains of Skinner's Mouth-organ and Comb-and-paper Band. Ginger-beer was being sold at the exorbitant price of sixpence a wineglass, and cigars and cigarettes were on sale, though most of the members wisely fought shy of them. At the gaming-tables, a number of patrons were engaged in a life-and-death struggle at hapenny nap.

The officers' task was made a little more difficult when one of them was recognised. This was the signal for a yell: "The cops are here!" A moment later Mr. Vernon-Smith turned out the lights, and a wild affray began in the darkness, pea-shooters being used indiscriminately by both sides. When the lights went up again, it was seen that the police had gained control of all the strategic points in the club, and they were able to take names and addresses without any more difficulty. Among the guests were the prizefighter, Perry Bolsovov, several gunmen carrying automatic pea-shooters, and a notorious racketeer named Billy Hunter, who has apparently been extorting money on the night club racket for quite a long time. Mr. Vernon-Smith was formally charged with supplying ginger-beer on unlicensed premises and also with permitting gambling. He was released on his own recognisances pending the trial.

## BEAUTY HINTS

By S. Q. I. Field  
Prominent Beauty's Preparation

Let us talk about complexions to-day, my would-be beauties. The very latest news from Paris is that the brick-red complexion which has been fashionable so long is to give way to a more ethereal colour, somewhere between bilious yellow and sea-green. It behooves us all to get busy and effect the change with the least possible suffering. A prominent beauty specialist of



my acquaintance confidently recommends the following treatment: (Continued at foot of next column.)

## NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

### Black Outlook for Remove

**HARRY WHARTON:** To keep the "Greyfriars Herald" at its present high-class standard, BILLY BUNTER: As a result of denying myself too much in the past, I am rapidly washing away to a shaddo. So my New Year resolution shall be to EAT MORE GRUB!

**DICKY NUGENT:** I'm going to call Wingate's attention to the fact that I play footer and holdly ask him for a place in the First XI. Another resolution I've made is to stuff exercise books in my bags before I see him!

**HORACE COKER:** My first task in the New Year will be to make the Remove respect me. I propose to do that by valloping the lot of 'em. (Yes, but how do you propose to do THAT, old bean?—Ed.)

**HAROLD SKINNER:** My resolution is to find a spot where a fellow can have a gasper without getting a thick ear from that rotter Bull!

**JOHNNY BULL:** My resolution is to see that there isn't a spot left in Greyfriars where that rotter Skinner can smoke his cheap fags without getting a thick ear from me!

**BOLSOVER MAJOR:** I've made up my mind to knock out Carnot.

**ALONZO TODD:** Resolutions, my good fellow? I've made nearly three hundred of them. The first is to be more gentle to grasshoppers, the second—(The rest are taken as read.—Ed.)

mont to obtain the desired result: Take half a pound of bay-leaves, and carefully crush into pulp. Boil in a pint of water for five hours, then throw away the water and scrape out the residue. Mix this with the yolks of a dozen snail's eggs, add a teaspoonful of fish-gel, and salt to taste. Boil in vinegar and allow to cool. The great advantage about this preparation is that it can be applied to the face or eaten, with equally beneficial results. I am assured by several friends who took the mixture informally that their brick-red complexions became green with astonishing rapidity.

## AGONY COLUMN

WILL the young lady with hair like waving corn, eyes like stars, and a wart on her nose, who sat opposite the young man who had a cup of tea and a bath bun at Blankley's last Tuesday, please write to LOVE-LORN MAULY, c/o this paper.

**GENTLEMAN** possessing large number of titled relations and a magnificent country seat finds himself temporarily short of kash owing to a delay in the post. Who will tide over the difficulty with a small loan, to be repaid with 100 per cent interest as soon as the anticipated postal order arrives?—Hopelul, "Hopelul," Study No. 7.

**EXPERIENCED** Footer Coach wanted, to give the finishing polish to the best Junior Team at Greyfriars, before they mop up the floor with the Remove next Saturday.—Apply, C. R. Temple Esq., Fourth Passage.

**WANTED,** match for next Saturday by the Remove First XI. Reserve XI, turning out against a very weak opposition, leaving First Team disgraced. Strong junior teams, write at once to H. Wharton, "Herald" Office.

**LOST** in Friarstable Lane, brand new motor-cycle. Owner was flung therefrom and found, on getting up again, that the bike had disappeared. Call, write or wire, H. J. Coker, Fifth Passage.

**FOUND,** in a ditch off Friarstable Lane, a number of bolts, screws, nuts and twisted iron: worth about 1s. 6d. Will pay 2s. 6d. to anyone who will take it off my land.—Farmer Heykelt, Sarkfields Farm.

**WANTED,** enthusiast on Greyfriars history, with knowledge of English, to read through the first 2,000 folios of my "History of Greyfriars" with a view to detecting possible errors in punctuation. Pay—nothing. In order that the work involved shall not interfere with the applicant's school work, he will have permission to get up 2 hours earlier in the morning. Apply H. S. Quelch, M.A., Masters' Passage.

If the person who "hired" the portable gramophone from Study No. 1 last Wednesday will call at the said Study any evening after 6 p.m., the owner will be pleased to hand over the key of same, together with twenty records.

## ART STUDIES AT REMOVE ACADEMY

### Sardines in Oils

Football being impossible owing to floods on Little Side, the Remove's First Annual Art Exhibition was opened in the Reg by Mr. Manlove on Wednesday afternoon. His lordship, in declaring the exhibition open, remarked that he was glad to see his words faded away into stone, and it was found that he had dozed off. On being prodded with a chess belonging to a Remove scoupler, he said that, "removey," it was a great pleasure and all that, and he hoped everybody would have a good time. Apparently Mauly was under the impression that he was operating a fee-and-gala, or benevolent! The noble earl's slumbering body having been removed on a trolley, the public were allowed to inspect the exhibits, which won much admiration.

Mr. Frank Nugent's study of sardines in oils quickly attracted a big crowd, as also did Mr. Dick Jake's restrained representation of a pen in ink. Several of the spectators were most lifelike, and Mr. Fenfold's painting of a broken egg was so realistic that most of the spectators held their noses while studying it (it was afterwards found that someone had dropped a sink bomb near by).



The futuristic influence was present, of course, and Mr. Fenfold's effort in crayons came in for a lot of praise from the high-brows till it was found that the "picture" was only a piece of scrap paper on which he had been testing his colours!

Several fine pieces of sculpture were on view. Among them was a single out for special mention, Mr. Morgan's "Footballer on the Wing," in bronze, and a Brass Bust, by Mr. Fish and a marble bust of Horace together with twenty records.

## Underworld King at Common-room Criminal Court

### Greyfriars Needs Waking Up

#### Jury's Verdict

Following the raid on Herbert Vernon-Smith's Speakeasy, the Rounder of Greyfriars, described as a gentleman, made his appearance before Mr. Justice Wharton at the Common-room Criminal Court. The Court was crowded with a fashionable throng, who followed the case with engrossed attention. Evidence of arrest was given by Det.-Insp. Russell, who said that when charged, prisoner's reply was "Bah!" (Laughter and cheers.)

Mr. Bob Cherry, K.C., for the Public Prosecutor, said that it went against the grain to have to turn on an old pal like Smithy, but duty was duty and he had his toe to earn. (Laughter, and a stern order from the Judge: "Get on with the washing, Bob!")

Warning up to his case, Mr. Cherry went on to describe the dramatic raid on Smithy's Speakeasy. He enlarged on the nefarious activities of the police found in progress at the club—the gambling, the smoking, and the profiteering in liquor—and demanded to know why any chap should be allowed to run a club that was nothing more than a meeting-place for gangsters, gunmen, racketeers and other underworld pests. In his powerful concluding remarks, Mr. Cherry impressed on the jury that it lay in their power to clean up Greyfriars. He asked them to return a verdict of "Guilty," and requested the Judge to see that prisoner jolly well got it where the chicken got the chopper. Prisoner, who conducted his own defence, then rose, and some applause, and thanked the Common-room.

(Continued from previous column.) Coker by Mr. Wharton. Unfortunately, the last exhibit was spotted by Coker, and the bust is now bust!

We cannot close without referring to a really fine statue, "The Athlete," executed by Mr. Skinner in chewing-gum. This is a genuine masterpiece, and visitors who have been asked what they like best in the exhibition have so far shown little hesitation in what they "drews."

This show will remain open until Saturday night. Roll up in your thousands, chaps! All the profits go to the Hard-up Artists' Fund.

## HISTORY OF ST. SAM'S

By Dr. Alfred Birchmell  
(Edited by Dick Nugent.)

St. Sam's was founded in the Umpleth Century by Henry the Tenth. It has therefore existed longer than any other school bar Bardon and the famous University of Oxbridge, of which I am so distinguished a scholar. It is said that Henry the Tenth, when returning from the chase one day, and by my haildom: "Hoy ho, good whiccoz to found a skool here—"

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

### Bruiser's Black Eye.

"BRUISER" (Study No. 10) asks how he can get rid of a black eye. I advise wearing a flesh-coloured mask. In many cases this actually improves one's appearance and one often finds the mask long after the necessity for doing so has passed. One can, of course, try to give the black eye to somebody else; but this sometimes results in one's obtaining two black eyes instead of one! Priscero, "Bruiser," and the great gift of beauty will be yours one day!

"PALIFACE" is worried about his pale complexion. Don't

worry, "Paliface": the time is coming, as I indicate above, when the pale complexion will be all the rage, so it may yet be a comfort to you. Meanwhile, try standing on your head for an hour or two.

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